

It Seems to Heywood Broun

# The Nation

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Wednesday, July 9, 1930

## Martyrs to Marriage

*an anonymous personal history*

## The Press Today

## Montana and "the Company"

*by Oswald Garrison Villard*

## The Simon Report on India

## The Empire Dies Hard

*by Richard B. Gregg*

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NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1930

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**A**T LAST HERBERT HOOVER has begun to fight back. Thus when the Senate cut the \$250,000 additional appropriation for the Wickersham Commission on Law Enforcement to \$50,000, the President announced that he would get \$100,000 immediately from private sources. He has fought hard in regard to the Veterans' Compensation bill, his veto being sustained in the House by 188 to 182 votes. His memorandum accompanying the veto was one of the most effective documents he has put out. Whether the substitute bill which he will get will be satisfactory remains to be seen, but it is to his credit that he has let the country know that he is not at all afraid of the soldier vote. Finally, he continues unyielding in his demand that the Senate confirm the naval treaty in extra session early this month, and he is apparently not deterred by threats of the opposition that they will hamstring the Senate by sufficient abstention from attendance to make a quorum impossible. Whether one likes his particular brand of leadership or not, it is at least gratifying that the President has finally begun to try to lead.

**W**ELL MAY THE GERMANS REJOICE over the final liberation of their land from foreign occupation. The whole needless enslavement of the Palatinate and the Rhine regions to the conquering armies was dictated by nothing

else than a vindictive and unworthy revenge. It remains discreditable to Woodrow Wilson that he was willing to sign the name of the United States to any such policy, precisely as it is to the credit of our nation that our troops were withdrawn from Coblenz after so short a period. As for the French, their conduct in some of these years in Germany stamps their flag with an indelible record of dishonor. Not only did they violate the Treaty of Versailles as and when it pleased them to do so, but in the invasion of the Ruhr they treated the population with positive ferocity, at all times filling the jails with Germans tried by French military courts in which the presumption was always against the accused. More than that, in their effort to break down the government of the Palatinate they threw into prison hundreds of mayors and assistant mayors and minor town and city officials in order, as they hoped, to make way for the spurious Rhine Republic which they instigated, for which they supplied the funds. Finally, it will never be forgotten that during these entire eleven and a half years of the French occupation the German municipal authorities were compelled to supply in every town German girls for prostitution by the French troops, black, white, and yellow. We can only be grateful that at last this sorry chapter is ended.

**H**ERE AND THERE tucked away in the dispatches from India are the nuggets of news which are the most significant after the non-resistance itself. It is reported by Negley Farson that the British department stores are empty; their customers were formerly 90 per cent Indian. British-owned newspapers are losing circulation very heavily and British banks business; the Bombay Indian factory-owners have voted to have no further dealings with British banks. Nearly all the British bankers and mill operators are now petitioning the Viceroy for a statement promising dominion self-government. The price of cotton has fallen one-third; heavy failures are expected on the next settlement day and one-half the Bombay mills will soon be on half time. The British-owned Bombay News declares: "If the trade decline continues owing to the political situation India is heading for a big economic crash." No fewer than 170,000 bales of cloth, half of them sold, are lying in storehouses, none being called for. Of imported cloth hardly any is released to individual customers. The imports of piece goods dropped from 215,000,000 in April, 1929, to 165,000,000 in April, 1930. "Boycott week" began on June 29. A Madras magistrate has actually made it a crime to wear Gandhi caps and spinning by hand in Madras is also reported to be forbidden. The British are organizing battalions of armed police and training them in military tactics; this move the Indian forces have met with the announcement that they are equipping three new hospitals to take care of the additional casualties they expect; in these hospitals all caste has broken down. Finally, not a single ruler of an Indian state or a single Indian minister has uttered one word favoring the Simon report, and it is declared that if the feeling against it continues to rise it will be impossible for delegates to leave India alive for the October conference.

**A**T LAST STANLEY BALDWIN has turned against the two British press barons who undertake to dictate the policies not only of the Conservative Party but of the British Empire itself. It was a letter from Lord Rothermere, of which Mr. Baldwin truly said that "a more preposterous and insolent demand was never made on the leader of any political party," which was the final straw. In this epistle Lord Rothermere declared that he would never again support Mr. Baldwin in his newspapers unless he was told in advance what the Baldwin policy was to be and was given the names of at least eight or ten of the most prominent ministers in the next Tory Cabinet! Doubtless, the noble press lord wished to see whether his name was on the list. To a conference of his party delegates Mr. Baldwin told this fact and also commented on Lord Beaverbrook's demand that the referendum on food taxes, to which Mr. Baldwin has assented for a later period, should be held at once. The building of a tariff wall around the Empire must begin forthwith, this peer demands. "If," said Mr. Baldwin defiantly, "the gloves are off we shall see who has got the dirty hands." The studied insolence of these press barons and their assumption of complete power is the price which England is now paying for the ennobling and dignifying of these men and the government's kowtowing to them during the World War. Meanwhile, for all of Mr. Baldwin's outspokenness, his leadership trembles in the balance. He was saved in the party conference only by the intercession of Sir Robert Horne. If the issue of food taxes is forced the party will surely split, which will be a great piece of good luck for the Labor Party, almost the first, indeed, since it has taken office.

**T**HE STUDY OF REAL WAGES undertaken by the International Labor Office at the instance of Henry Ford is likely to yield some unexpected results. Mr. Ford now has plants in Manchester, Berlin, Helsingfors, Warsaw, Istanbul, and a dozen other European cities, and he wants to know how much he must pay his employees there so that they may enjoy the same living standards as workers under his seven-dollar-a-day minimum in Detroit. The federal Bureau of Labor Statistics, which is cooperating, has just made public a study which shows that the average annual wage in Ford families of four or five in which the husband is the sole wage-earner is \$1,711.87. Even seven dollars a day scarcely means affluence. Having found out what the typical Ford family gets with its \$1,711.87, the International Labor Office has now shipped two trunks full of Detroit clothing and household equipment to Geneva, whence they will make the rounds of Mr. Ford's seventeen European cities to find out just what goods of the same quality would cost there. The study is a difficult one, and its results will have the highest value both scientific and practical. European manufacturers, it is reported, have flooded the International Labor Office with protests, first against making the study, and second against publishing the results. They are said to fear the introduction of a high-wage policy in the European Ford plants. Fortunately their protests have proved unavailing; nothing but good can come out of a study that will help dispel some of the illusions on both sides of the Atlantic concerning the living conditions of American labor and "the pauper labor of Europe."

**F**ROM THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS in Geneva come the 1929 figures for the armaments of the world. Approximately \$3,750,000,000 was what the fifty-three nations, Christian and otherwise, spent in preparation for the next war, our country bearing the dishonor of spending \$668,297,000 for this purpose—much more than any other country. Together Russia, the United States, Great Britain, and France were responsible for no less than one-half of this dreadful waste. Italy and Japan each accounted for another \$250,000,000. The League of Nations officials are reported to be optimistic because the disarmament bill for 1929 is only \$100,000,000 more than that of 1928. They must indeed be professional optimists to remain cheerful in face of these huge arms outlays, and also in view of the result of the London conference, which bids fair to add another billion to our own naval bill. It surely ought to dampen their feelings of cheer somewhat to read that the world launched 50 per cent more cruisers in 1929 than in the year before the war, 1913, and had three times as many building. What a pity Mr. Wilson is not alive that he might see the results of the war to end war and to smash militarism and might note how the United States and its Allies, breaking faith with the disarmament pledge in the Treaty of Versailles, are increasing instead of decreasing their fleets. He would doubtless be especially interested to know that in the world's trade in tools of war England led in 1928 with 54 per cent of the total and the United States came next with 18.2 per cent.

**A**N OPINION OF GREAT IMPORTANCE in regard to military training in colleges has just been handed down by the Attorney General of the United States in connection with the land-grant institutions which have benefited by the Morrill Act of July 2, 1862. Our militarists have for years maintained that this act made military training compulsory upon all students. In 1923, however, the University of Wisconsin placed military drill on an optional basis—to the anger of the War Department. The Department of the Interior held, however, that the university was legally entitled to take this step, and its position has now been upheld by the Attorney General. The effects of this decision may be far-reaching. Most of the students who now take the military courses do so under duress. In the more enlightened land-grant colleges there has been a desire to follow the example of Wisconsin, but fear that Wisconsin might have erred in its position has prevented similar steps. Indeed, the council of the militarized University of Illinois published in the *Illinois Law-Review* for November, 1929, an extended argument to prove that the land-grant colleges were morally and legally compelled to continue compulsory military training forever. With the seal of the Attorney General of the United States put squarely upon the opposite policy we should hear no more of the argument that all land-grant colleges must regiment their men whether the students wish to learn mass murder or not.

**A** LYNCHING WAS PREVENTED in Beaumont, Texas, on June 28 and June 29, although the Negro in question had confessed to eight assaults on white women; and it was prevented solely because Sheriff W. W. Covington and those under him were determined that the law should be upheld and that the lynching mob should not have

its way. The Negro was taken from Port Arthur, Texas, to Beaumont in the rumble seat—with the top down—of an automobile which covered the twenty-two miles in fifteen minutes. Although a crowd attempted to drag him out of the car, he was whisked away in time. In Beaumont, where he was lodged in jail, the sheriff successfully protected him. Armed aides were stationed about the jail; tear gas was used once or twice. And as a last gesture, to show that a mob is a coward and fears a brave man, the sheriff routed its leader with no other weapon than his bare fist. It is a pity that such forthright tactics were not used several days before in South Carolina. In the town of Union, in that State, a Negro was shot to death by a mob after he had been identified by two white women as their attacker. The sheriff was not in evidence; he "did not recognize any of the mob." The National Guard arrived half an hour too late. In other words, the sheriff was not willing to do his duty; in Texas the sheriff was willing and therefore able. We shall have fewer lynchings when we have no more sheriffs who ally themselves with the mobs.

**CHEAP WOMAN LABOR?** Certainly, help yourself. The Birmingham Industrial Board, "for the industrial development of the Birmingham district," has issued a seductive pamphlet entitled "A New Reservoir of Woman Labor," designed to attract manufacturers to the thriving Southern metropolis. We discover that out of 147,249 females ten years of age and over "in the metropolitan area" no less than 106,608 are "unemployed." They probably have no occupation aside from keeping house, cooking, washing, ironing, cleaning, and sewing, bringing the babies into the world, and taking care of them after they get here. We sincerely hope that these idle women can be put at some really useful work. Of the 106,000 "unemployed," 73,124, it appears, are white—which, we gather, is all to the good. "A large percentage of these unemployed women are interested in securing work. Pay of from \$10 to \$15 per week will prove attractive to nearly all of them. Some could be employed at even lower rates." We commend the last sentence to manufacturers interested in the industrial progress of Birmingham and the advancement of American womanhood.

**LATEST IMMIGRATION FIGURES** suggest that foreigners no longer look across the ocean to the United States as a land flowing with milk and honey. David L. Selke, president of the Congressional Information Bureau at Washington, announces that 16,946 quota visas remain unapplied for out of the 153,714 allotted to the seventy-one nationalities for the fiscal year 1929-30. Figures for some of the individual countries have interesting implications. Under the Japanese exclusion act of 1924 Japan is allowed 100 visas a year (the minimum quota for any country), whereas if the national-origins quota plan were applied the Japanese quota would be about 200. For six years the United States has bitterly offended the Japanese by this discrimination, and yet in 1929-30 only 16 of the possible 100 Japanese visas were applied for. Another striking figure is that of Great Britain and northern Ireland, where 10,068 have been left unused out of a quota of 65,721. The American who hears distressing tales of nearly 2,000,000 unemployed in England will wonder at these figures, forgetting perhaps, our own unemployed millions.

**THE CRAZE FOR "SHORTS"** has by now reached several men's colleges. May it grow—as an entirely defensible mode of attire for young men in warm weather, outside of the cities. We ourselves would, at the risk of again being accused of bolshevism, like to put in a word for the Russian blouse for men. Women have long worn it—in adaptations. For men there is no garment comparable to it in comfort, for it does away with coat, vest, collar, and necktie, conceals the belt, and removes the reproach of appearing in shirt-sleeves. Only one thing stands in the way of its immediate acceptance—that it goes over the trousers instead of inside, which to the American smacks of the exposed shirt-tails of the Oriental; but this method of wearing the blouse is one reason why it is so cool. It looks extremely well on all but stout men. If only a few hundred college Americans would don it, as they have the shorts, we believe that victory would be won.

**THE BANNING** in England of Marc Connelly's "The Green Pastures," that extremely moving and genuinely reverent play dealing with religion, God, and heaven as interpreted through Negro eyes, seems to us to illustrate more than is usually the case the inherent weakness of any censorship. We cannot for a moment believe that if this censor had seen "The Green Pastures" as it has been played on Broadway he could have the slightest question as to the desirability of its production. He would find that the audiences come away from this Pulitzer-prize play deeply moved and impressed by its profoundly religious spirit. Instead, he has perhaps let himself be misled by the text and yielded to the old theory that God must never be represented on the stage—a prejudice fortunately overruled in New York. But when you put in the hands of one fallible person so grave a decision you must expect that he will err once in so often. Thus the British public is deprived of the right to see a great and lovely work of art, an earnest, sincere, and touching production, profoundly satisfying and deeply suggestive to all who know the Negro race.

**PROFESSOR KUNO FRANCKE**, of Harvard University, who died on June 25, was for thirty-three years one of the foremost teachers of German literature in the United States, and after becoming emeritus still kept up his unceasing activities on behalf of Harvard's Germanic Museum, of which he was curator and honorary curator for twenty-eight years. Indeed, he was really its founder and through him came many of the great gifts which have enriched that institution. Hard hit as it was by the war with Germany, it has none the less continued on an even keel. Professor Francke's own loyalty to this country was never questioned. Deeply as he suffered to see one of his own sons going forth to fight against the Fatherland, his courage never faltered; nor could anyone question where so good a liberal stood on the basic issues. He represented in short that liberal German tradition which flowered in Germany a brief moment in 1848 and again in the eighties and nineties until it was crushed to earth by the Bismarckian policies. Professor Francke was a prolific writer, a profound student, a man of great modesty and understanding, with a rarely sweet spirit. For more than forty years, to the day of his death, he was a valued contributor, reviewer, adviser, and friend to the editors of this journal.

# Unemployment: The President's Job

THE gloom of the business outlook continues unbroken. Among responsible industrial leaders there is no longer any attempt to minimize the gravity of the situation, and it is at last generally recognized that we are in the midst of a world-wide depression. Wholesale prices continue to decline, and retail prices, which since the war have remained obstinately out of relation to wholesale ones, share in the loss. The volume of industrial production, according to the Federal Reserve Board, again declined in May by about as much as it increased in April, and factory employment fell in May more than is usual. Despite the overtime operation of the President's conference and publicity machinery, building-contract awards during that month were substantially smaller than in any other year since 1924. Stock prices continue to crash with monotonous regularity, and it is coming to be recognized that there will be no genuine market recovery until liquidation has been completed. The ordinary man's golden dream of something for nothing is past; he is back in the old hard world of work and saving, or worse yet, of no work and starving. Money is at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent with no takers; the heroic efforts of the Federal Reserve Board to set things going by expanding credit have failed completely. In the face of such failure we find the Royal Bank of Canada in connection with its July *Monthly Letter* declaring:

The continual downward movement of commodity prices is steadily accentuating the severity of the world-wide depression. . . . We believe that if the Federal Reserve Banks do not force an immediate increase in circulation the present depression will assume proportions similar to that of 1920.

We do not indorse either this alarmist view of the future or this plea for a violent inflation; but we do call attention to the state of opinion induced among certain financial leaders by the stubborn facts of the past eight months.

In face of these facts, how pitiable is the position of the Hoover Administration, which not only persists in trying to make people believe that the facts do not exist, but actually blocks intelligent public effort to do something at least toward meeting the disaster. On June 5 Secretary Hyde said:

No greater triumph has ever been scored in peace time than the victory Herbert Hoover has won against panic. . . . The President . . . resolutely began to rebuild public confidence. The result was that the unemployment which threatened to freeze the activities of the nation has proved to be little more than seasonal unemployment. There was relatively little distress.

This is plain and unqualified untruth; we had almost said falsehood, for if Mr. Hyde does not know any better than this he is ignorant almost beyond belief. Two weeks after Mr. Hyde spoke, Secretary Mellon, Secretary Lamont, and Assistant Secretary Klein, three more of Mr. Hoover's chief Happiness Boys, on successive days gave out tariff prosperity statements that moved even the long-suffering *New York Times* to impatient protest. Is there no limit to the effrontery of the President and his official associates

in their effort to deceive the public by denying the most patent and notorious facts?

But that is not the worst. The business collapse has plunged us into a period of widespread and disastrous unemployment, as everyone knows. For two years now Senator Wagner of New York has been manfully striving for the passage of three well-considered and carefully drawn bills whose enactment would mark the beginning, at least, of a national unemployment program. The best scientific opinion of the country is behind the measures. Senator Wagner's efforts have steadily met with indifference or active opposition at the White House. Despite such opposition, the bills were finally driven through the Senate. In the machine-controlled House what happened? Let Senator Wagner, who is not given to loose statements, answer the question:

The President still refuses to let Congress provide the necessary machinery for the prevention of such disasters in the future. . . . The bill providing for the cooperative establishment of employment agencies has been sent to die in a subcommittee. [It was reported out on June 25.]

The amendments proposed in the long-range planning bill strike at its very heart. First, the President would eliminate the preparation of the index of unemployment. . . . He would strike out the provision for the acceleration of public works. . . . He would strike out the provision for advance planning. . . .

The bill as amended is largely an empty shell, dependent for its content on the whim of the Executive. The President could not have more completely destroyed the bill if he had vetoed it.

In the face of Senator Wagner's statement and the protests of economists, business men, and social workers the country over, President Hoover sits silent. We desire to be wholly fair in the matter, but it is hard to resist the conclusion that he has actually desired the defeat of the Wagner bills. Certainly he has lifted no finger to help them. Apparently he will aid no program but his own.

So long as the President holds this position, so long, apparently, is the war on unemployment relegated to the States and to private industry. With the best will in the world they alone cannot carry that war to a successful conclusion. "It is ridiculous," said Owen D. Young recently, "to speak of unemployment as a necessary condition of human society. It is nothing more than a maladjustment of its machinery. It is a blot on our intelligence." True enough; and private industry, happily, is coming to recognize its responsibility to regularize employment as well as dividends. The General Electric Company, for example, has just announced a noteworthy plan for stabilizing employment and providing unemployment payments of 50 per cent of regular wages to employees entering the plan. Some States and cities are making intelligent beginnings in a public employment policy. But all this is not enough; federal action, too, is required. Will the President in these trying days stubbornly refuse to lead a willing people forward toward the abolition of the chief curse of modern industry?

## Rates While You Wait

**B**ACK in the campaign days of 1928, if we remember rightly, Mr. Hoover announced, with the accent of finality that seems to go with the contemplation of high office, that the business of legislation belonged to Congress and that the executive should not intrude its views upon the lawmaking branch of the government. Some doubters made bold to point out that unless the President took a hand now and then, at least to the extent of saying what he did or did not want, a leaderless Congress might go wool-gathering and fritter away its time, but the pronouncement had been made, Mr. Hoover was known to be a bit stubborn, and there was an uncomfortable suspicion that he might stick to his ground and let Congress take the consequences.

We know now, of course, that the self-denying ordinance was not without elasticity. When the Senate in June, 1929, stood out for the debenture scheme in the agricultural-marketing bill, Mr. Hoover put his foot down, announced that he would not have it, and the scheme was dropped. On June 16 last, in a statement giving notice of his intention to sign the tariff bill, he declared that while Congress must be responsible for the bill because no President could possibly examine personally all of the 3,300 items in the schedules, he had nevertheless "insisted" upon having the kind of flexible-tariff provision he wanted. On June 24 he let himself go in a really vigorous fashion about the veterans' pension bill, denouncing the bill as "just bad legislation," charging that it made provision for certain veterans "in the most wasteful and discriminatory way conceivable," and declaring that it contained things which "violate not only the fact but the very integrity of government." Passing over with mere mention such obvious comments as that the debenture scheme was really mischievous, that the objections to the veterans' bill were several weeks overdue, and that the enormities of the tariff bill might have been tempered if Mr. Hoover had "insisted" upon getting rid of them as he "insisted" upon having the flexible provisions shaped to his mind, it would appear that Mr. Hoover's policy in regard to pending legislation is not to keep his hands off, but to put them on when there is something that he specially wants.

The flexible-tariff provision, as it happens, sheds a good deal of light upon Mr. Hoover's mental processes and his views of how best to treat business. He "insisted" upon the flexible arrangement in the Smoot-Hawley bill, he declared, because the old provision was clumsy and largely inoperative, whereas the new provision intrusts the task of tariff revision to a "definite rate-making body acting through semi-judicial methods of hearing and investigation, by which items can be taken up one by one upon direction or application of aggrieved parties." In this dignified way, without haste, without rest, revision "can be accomplished without disturbance to business" and even the complaints of foreigners can be remedied.

The argument does not leave Mr. Hoover in a very good position as an efficiency expert. The Senate promptly gave him a hint of how the "one by one" method would work by passing a resolution calling upon the Tariff Commission to reconsider a whole handful of duties, and the

House shortly indicated that it, too, saw the possibilities of the game. What with the embattled Senate and House, the protests of forty-odd foreign businesses or governments, and any number of American businesses which either resent the new tariff or go the whole hog with Father Grundy in demanding still higher rates, the labors of the commission bid fair to progress about as rapidly as does a horse-drawn truck in a traffic jam.

This is not the worst aspect of the matter, however. Thanks to Mr. Hoover's "insistence" the whole business of rate-making is now up in the air. Under the old system the tariff schedules, good or bad as one might think them, were at least fixed save as a slow and rather clumsy action of the commission and the President might occasionally alter a rate. Under the new system which Mr. Hoover praises so highly the whole list is open to attack at any time by anybody who chooses to file with the commission a request for a revision. Instead of leaving business to get on as well as it can under rates upon whose stability it may reasonably count, the business of the country is to be continually disturbed, our commercial relations with other nations are to be kept in constant agitation, and the politicians and lobbyists are offered a heyday. This is flexibility with a vengeance, with the Hoover sign manual to attest its excellence. If the Democrats have so much as a grain of political sense they will eviscerate the tariff bill and Mr. Hoover's defense of it in every Congressional district and in every State in which a Senator is to be elected, and let the country know what it is in for now that the tariff has been "taken out of politics" and Mr. Hoover and the Tariff Commission are to run the show.

## Lowest of All

**O**F all police tricks the lowest without question seems to us the use of detectives to obtain evidence against women by cohabiting with them. The employment of stool pigeons is degrading enough; the buying up of accomplices sufficiently disreputable. But this inducing women to commit the so-called "crime" for which they are subsequently punished is, to our mind, to put the police just above the footing of that most degraded of mortals, the pimp. Indeed, we sometimes wonder if the moral degradation of the police is not just about the same; for these are officials sworn not to violate the law but to obey and to enforce it. They are no more licensed to violate it than are any private citizens—and they ought to go to the reformatory with their victims after they have admitted their guilt. More than that, the policeman is guilty of another offense in that his solicitation of the woman constitutes that incitement to wrongdoing which the law describes as in-itself a crime.

We are moved to these remarks by some recent cases in New York. In one of them an unfortunate woman bearing a name once very well known in theatrical circles was haled into court by a policeman who had invaded her room in her hotel and charged her with solicitation and accepting his money. Another case was that of a registered nurse who accepted a marked bill, according to her own statement, as a nursing retainer, and was then immediately

arrested. The first case aroused the sympathy and interest of a number of women who inveighed against the methods of the police. Several police magistrates then came to the rescue of the vice squad and declared it to be both honest and efficient. To this Mrs. Mary Hamilton, lately director of the women's bureau of the police, replies that there are many cases of innocent women being "framed" and says: "We have got to abolish this system of official procurers, of using stool pigeons and 'squeals' to secure evidence. It is not done in any other country and clears the way for all kinds of blackmail and persecution." Exactly. Yet the practice goes on with magisterial approval.

Take another case upon which the sensational press has dwelt with great gusto. In this instance two detectives lived at intervals with a young woman and after winning her confidence succeeded in unraveling a murder case. This is called smart detective work, but no one stops to question the effect upon the police or the morality of the payments for the entertainment and support of the woman in the case. It is simply assumed that this is the only way to capture crooks and that therefore it is excusable—just as other kinds of police lawlessness, such as the third degree, are defended on the ground that you have to do such things to get ahead of the underworld. As a matter of fact this is one of the steady causes of the demoralization of our police forces and one of the reasons why they are so cursed with graft and corruption. Whenever, the world over, men are hired to spy upon the morals of women and to hale them into court for what is called a moral delinquency the morale of the force invariably suffers. Even the magnificent London police have suffered in this regard. In Europe whenever you find a morals squad you are pretty certain to find a squad of corrupt rascals showering their favors on some women and persecuting others. Invariably, in America, the policeman's word is accepted against the woman's.

It is not a new practice in New York. Our memory goes back to the days when the police of New York were governed by four "bipartisan" commissioners, of whom the two Republicans were Frederick D. Grant and Theodore Roosevelt. When bills running into thousands of dollars were once presented to the board for its approval, for the expenses of the police in cohabiting with the women they arrested, it was not Theodore Roosevelt but Frederick Grant, son of the victor at Appomattox, who first protested and then resigned. Although Grant had a considerable family and no income whatever save his official pay, he felt that his personal honor forbade his paying the bills of these *agents provocateurs* who were thus officially encouraged to indulge in that relationship which the State declares to be an offense against society. We have always felt that General F. D. Grant deserved a monument for his stand on this occasion and have always marveled that Theodore Roosevelt could not have seen eye to eye with him.

In no other field of private morals is the use of the police power more dangerous, more certain to result in abuses, more demoralizing to those who exercise the police power, and more repugnant to decency and to official honor. Are the moral standards of our cities to be upheld by commissioning and paying men to do the very thing for which their partners are sent to jail? By no means. That way lies only official degradation. It is time for American cities to put an end to such practices.

## Work and Pray

JOHN E. EDGERTON, Tennessee textile king, is already famous as president of the National Manufacturers' Association, that group of employers whose zeal for the open shop is exceeded only by their devotion to the closed mind. But Mr. Edgerton will probably go down even farther in history as the Man Who Made Prayer Pay. According to a Federated Press dispatch Mr. Edgerton was invited recently to appear before the summer conference of the Methodist Federation of Social Service and criticize the federation's social program. Mr. Edgerton accepted; and Mr. Edgerton went straight to the point. The churches, he said, were straying away from their most important task and making themselves social instead of spiritual institutions.

There is too much talk [said Mr. Edgerton] about labor's rights, a living wage, social justice, and the like. It's a bad thing to set aside Labor Day because it creates class feeling and impedes the true spirit of brotherhood and so is contrary to the teachings of Jesus.

When someone was untactful enough to mention poverty, Mr. Edgerton admitted its existence, but said that it should be abolished by cultivating a sense of individual responsibility in the workers so that they would save enough while employed to carry them through "those inevitable periods in our economic life when there is unemployment."

But Mr. Edgerton's real contribution to the meeting was the account of his discovery and perfection of prayer as an aid to production. Some years ago he inaugurated the "prayer system" in his factory. Each morning now, before the workers start the day, they pray. And the effect on production! But let Mr. Edgerton tell it:

I am proud to say that the morning-prayer exercises in my factory have had the finest economic effect. Workers are producing far more goods than before the prayer system was started some years ago. We have made it almost impossible for anyone but a Christian to get a job. We examine applicants for work to see if they have any dangerous ideas. We have been able by that process to keep our plant free of trouble.

There is even a rumor, unfortunately not confirmed, that Mr. Edgerton's system of prayer, combined with his wage arrangements, has been so successful in creating a spiritual outlook among his employees that they hardly notice the money they get on Saturday night in what they piously call their pray envelopes. The happy time will come, perhaps, when they will not want any money at all, but will go cheerfully home without any, singing hosannas.

Mr. Edgerton's prayer system will undoubtedly spread, as it certainly deserves to, in the present "inevitable period" of unemployment. In these recent materialistic years the workers have suffered from the scourge of work without faith. If prayer has aided production as much as Mr. Edgerton indicates, we see no reason whatever why with proper faith it should not prove equally effective as an entire substitute for production in difficult times like the present. It is high time in any case that the workers learned to live by faith, not work. As for those weaklings who may fall by the wayside and starve to death, let the county bury them under the epitaph: Better Dead than Red.

## It Seems to Heywood Broun

EVERY now and then somebody asks me to contribute to a fund for Better-Speech Week or National Enunciation Day. And I never do. I'm not really for it. People who talk too precisely and seem to be aware of it give me a sinking sensation in the pit of the stomach. Possibly perfected speech would be well enough if any one of us had grown up with it from the very beginning. But it is invariably an acquired art. As a matter of fact, I am much more interested in hearing what people have to say than in listening intently for such particular tones and cadences as they use to ornament their speech. And, in all frankness, I may as well confess that my attitude of tolerance is necessary for self-preservation. My own utterance and diction lie but little this side of the shameful.

One of the reasons why my own pronunciation is so slipshod is that I had a better-speech teacher when I was a small boy in school. When she said something, we all had to repeat it right after her. Every word had to come right off the tip of the tongue and linger for a split second on the end of the two front teeth before it was allowed to escape into an expectant world. And just the week before the better-speech class started I lost one of my important front teeth. That meant that no matter how hard I worked, 50 per cent would be the highest mark I could possibly get. I was disgusted and decided that I'd just as soon flunk in better speech. I did. I used to say "noosepaper" and "Toosday" just to annoy her. And the fact that I have a tendency to carry the final "r" over after a "w" didn't help much either. I mean that unless I watch out very carefully I always say "I sawrit." It ought to be "I saw it."

But even if I had owned that missing and very necessary front tooth I think I might have gone on strike against better speech just on principle. I hated that teacher. She used to begin, "Good morning, little gentlemen and ladies. Allow me to welcome you to better-speech hour." That was enough to start the day all wrong for me. I didn't think of myself as a little gentleman and I certainly didn't think of the girls I knew in that class as little ladies.

Whenever our teacher spoke I was reminded of a fairy story I had read about an old witch and a good little girl and a bad little girl. The witch put a curse on one and a blessing on the other. Whenever one little girl spoke a gold piece came out of her mouth. And when the other little girl spoke toads dropped out. I used to look at the teacher—we'll call her Miss Spencer because that wasn't her name at all—I used to look at Miss Spencer forming a syllable way back in her larynx and leading it gently along to the tip of her tongue and the end of her front teeth. It was fascinating. She took so much pains with it. I wasn't looking for either toads or gold pieces but it wouldn't have surprised me if after all that effort she had disgorged a cream puff. And if she had, and if I hadn't been a little gentleman, I'd have flung it right back at her.

I don't know why so many better-speech and elocutionary people feel that everything they say should have quite so much sugar and honey in it. I was at a party once where two actresses were guests. They'd both been chorus girls together but one had risen to be a star and she'd

married a millionaire and she had a white fur coat. She was just elocuting and enunciating all over the place: "It was so delightful of you to ask me and I was so happy to attend the festivities." The chorus girl who didn't have a millionaire or a white fur coat looked at her old friend in amazement for fifteen minutes. That was as long as she could stand it. Then she marched across the room and gave the elocutionary guest a resounding slap on the back. "Come on, dearie," she said; "ain't you ever common?"

I think it's a fair criticism. I think that a little bit of slang and a little bit of dialect and maybe even a pinch of mispronunciation is needed to keep a language alive. It must grow. It has to have roots, and roots have to get down into the earth. I think Al Smith would have been an excellent President even if he did say "raddio."

And greatly do I fear that better speech and even standardized speech will soon enough be America's portion. Imitation is the tribute which we pay to our famous citizens. In the days of the silent drama Mary Pickford alone was enough to make two curls grow upon young foreheads where there had never been curls before. And now that vocal models have been set before us I think that the majority of youthful Americans will be equally eager to fall into line. I refer less at the moment to the tones which thunder out from the talking screen than to the crooning whispers of the radio. The day of the jazz band has begun to decline. Today each tooth paste has its own articulate announcer. And the better-known performers are heard from Maine to California at one and the same moment.

Accordingly, America is likely to select one of these far-flung voices and seek to emulate it. In another twenty years we may all be talking in precisely the manner of Will Rogers, or of Amos 'n' Andy, or of Floyd Gibbons. This last fantasy has distinctly friendly facets. If this slow-paced land of ours could be speeded up into a Gibbonic whirlwind, business conferences might easily be cut from two hours to three minutes. An after-dinner speech should hardly require more than thirty seconds.

But though I think the radio will inevitably wipe out local dialectic differences the result seems to me less than utopian. I do not long for the day when there are no young ladies left to talk Southern in the moonlight. Nor can I say that the radio voice as it has been standardized by most announcers is altogether to my liking. The combination of strained honey and whipped cream comes at last to fall annoyingly upon the ear.

And if we all are fated to talk in the manner of some man saying, "Desbrosses dentifrice preserves your gums," blame should not fall wholly upon those who control the destinies of radio. They have been aided and abetted by the American Academy, which gives each year a gold medal to the announcer doing most for the purity of English diction. Once the medal has been pinned upon the breast of an unfortunate he becomes a doomed man and never again will draw a natural breath. And so I say that we also shall be enslaved to purity of speech—bound forevermore to the tip of the tongue and the two front teeth.

HEYWOOD BROUN

# Martyrs to Marriage

## A PERSONAL NARRATIVE

I AM the daughter of parents who were, after the first few months of marriage, never companionable or happy together, of parents whose code decreed that they must remain together for their children's sake. For more than twenty years I suffered the consequences of their decision against divorce, and my life has been most unhappily influenced by a martyrdom that was undertaken expressly for the benefit of myself and my brother and sister. My sister, three years my junior, escaped the worst effects of this martyrdom, largely, I suppose, because she has always been at ease in a robust out-of-door life. My brother, ten years younger than myself, as a result of his observations has developed an abnormal dislike for his father.

Both of my parents were intelligent people of some education. My mother was a violinist, my father a professional man who came finally into rather important political office. But they had no interests in common and were totally unlike in temperament. My mother was religious and completely dominated by her feelings; she had been reared by a narrow-minded mother and had never rebelled against her upbringing. My father had been subjected to the same Puritan training, but from boyhood he had fought against his mother's discipline, and had finally come West to escape it. He had known responsibility much too early. When he was only fifteen the death of his father had made it necessary for him to go to work to assist in the support of his mother and sister. He became a skeptical realist, an unbeliever. He had no appreciation of my mother's artistic desires nor of her childish dependence on sentiment; my mother did not share his ambitions, and her training had not prepared her either to understand or to forgive his weaknesses.

They married much too young—my mother was only eighteen, my father not yet twenty—and I was born a year later. Thus, before he was twenty-one, my father had two families dependent upon his support. My mother did all she could to help him: she gave violin lessons during all the years we children were growing up. But at heart he always resented the fact that he needed her assistance. My father was nervous and rather sickly. He cared for none of the things that interested my mother. His aversion to any kind of social intercourse cut her off from all the other women in our little town, for no married woman was ever expected to attend a social gathering alone. My mother's life, therefore, was limited to her home, with the result that she concentrated all her affection and interest upon her children to the exclusion not only of the world at large but of her husband as well. My father was never at ease in his own home. In his club and in his office he found his only satisfaction, and politics soon became his sole interest.

These differences in temperament were quite enough in themselves to drive my parents apart. But another, more serious, problem presented itself within two years after their marriage. In the West of that day, most business was conducted in saloons. My father, nervous by temperament and unhappy at home, turned more and more to whiskey for release and relaxation, and in time became a periodic

drunkard. My mother, of course, had a deep horror of drinking. It never occurred to her, nor would it have occurred to most of the women in that town, to advise her husband to do his drinking at home. Had she taken this more lenient attitude, had she even taken a drink with him occasionally, she might have been able to control his habits.

I was not more than four years old when I first became acutely aware of the tragedy in my home. My sister was a tiny baby and both of us slept in my mother's room, my father occupying the only other bedroom in our small house. I began at this time to wake up at night terribly frightened, yet unable to explain my fright. Something restrained me from calling to my mother, although I knew she was awake and frightened, too. Gradually I realized what it was we both feared. When my father was drinking my mother lay awake night after night listening for his step or for some telephone call which might bring word of an accident. In those days drunkards did not always reach home safely; they were killed and robbed if they carried even small sums of money. The horror which hung over my mother communicated itself to me. Neither of us was free of it for long at a time, for even when my father was not drinking, we never knew at what moment he might begin again.

Meanwhile he was succeeding politically, which meant that he was spending more and more time in his office and with men—more time and more money. My mother now grew painfully economical. My father spent a great deal on liquor and complained that home was unpleasant and a place to stay away from. My mother, who had been a rather beautiful woman, had become a disappointed drudge. Religion was her only solace.

I had come to feel every detail of the domestic situation, without being in the least capable of analyzing or understanding it. My mother tried to hide her feelings from me but without success. I was supersensitive and delicate. I stayed much in the house because I was afraid of other children. Thus, I spent many hours of each day with my mother. When I was six years old I became very ill and was unable to walk for more than a year. No doctor could explain my illness. I simply could not walk. I believe now that this illness was only my rebellion against a situation too difficult for a child to bear. Perhaps, also, I was trying unconsciously to draw the attention of my parents toward myself in order that it might be a little less upon themselves. But my attempt failed; I grew stronger in spite of myself; at last I got about again, to learn that matters were worse than ever. My father's drinking had seriously depleted our finances and doctors' bills had not improved matters.

After my illness I began to understand the arguments late at night between my parents. My father, coming home drunk, would try to persuade my mother to go to his room. My mother, with her intense dislike of drink and her prudish training, of course refused. My father, infuriated, would break into drunken tears, while my mother wept for a different reason. No wonder that I, lying awake and

listening, came to feel that the relationship between men and women was horrible.

Gradually my mother lost all ability to control my father's actions. Before I was ten years old I had come to be the only person who could manage him at all. We were very much alike in disposition and probably for that reason he yielded to my authority. He allowed me to put him to bed and to take care of him when he was ill. He would not have my mother near him. Seeing that she could no longer hide anything from me, my mother now made me her confidante. My father, especially when he was drinking, was even more frank than she. While my mother assured me over and over again that although my father was a weakling, she could forgive him much, since she knew he would never be untrue to her, I knew definitely from my father that he had many times been unfaithful and was in love with another woman. I alone knew the details of his life, and I have never been sorry that he talked to me honestly, although I suppose no young girl has ever heard more amazing tales of tangled lives than I heard from him. Since he was by nature sympathetic and understanding, and since he had no fixed standards of right and wrong, most of the comedies and tragedies of the town were poured into his ears. These stories he repeated, in his half-sober moments, to me.

Meanwhile, the young doctor who had attended me had fallen in love with my mother. She was badly frightened when she learned of his feeling for her. In her naive way, she went to my father for advice; and my father, absurd as it may seem, became jealous. Later, he confessed to me that he had been a fool, that this was the one opportunity my mother had ever had for happiness. I do not know that she would have taken it, even had my father advised it, but his bad temper and sulkiness put an end to her new friendship. I pleaded with her to get a divorce; I stamped my foot and jeered at my father for his jealousy; but neither of them would take any legal action. They told me that they must stay together until we children were safely reared. I remember laughing very bitterly at their decision and reminding them that since my brother was still an infant, they would have to remain together a good many miserable years. I conceived a vivid hatred for all human relationships excused under the name of love or marriage.

Once she had renounced any chance for happiness, my mother centered every emotion upon her son. He became, in fact, although she would not recognize the psychology, her lover, and remained so always, to his own detriment. My father, who had long desired a son, was pushed out of the picture. And this fact embittered him perhaps more than anything that had gone before. And because he blamed himself as well as my mother he found in drinking his only relief. Meantime, I was approaching adolescence. My mother's prudish warnings frightened me and gave me no knowledge of my own state of health and emotions. Her statement that she would some day have something more to tell me I construed as a forecast of some catastrophe such as death or disease which had fallen upon one of my parents. I lived a year in this terror. I grew very thin and very ill. Mentally, I was decidedly unbalanced. Finally, a wise doctor sent me away from home for a year. At once, in a different atmosphere, I began to recuperate.

I was called home to what was believed to be my

mother's deathbed. I arrived to find that my father had disappeared and could not be found; and that he knew nothing of my mother's condition. He had run off on one of his drinking bouts. I knew, fortunately, where I might locate him and succeeded in doing so. But he did not come back until after the crisis, and I had to watch it out alone with the doctors and nurses. And now, despite his bad health and bad habits, my father won his first really important political race and became a man of some prominence. He was supported in the race by my mother, largely for fear of what people would think if she did not. My mother looked upon his success as merely another opportunity for him to escape from home. She had little appreciation of the fact that for years her influence on his life had been totally bad, not because of what it was, but because of the type of man toward whom it was directed. She had become a religious fanatic and was training my brother toward the same religious intensity. Although she would not confess it, she feared my father's absences. I knew that away from home or not my father had come to care much more for his mistress than for his wife, and I could not entirely blame him.

Then came a period of years during which my father's career went forward steadily and during which the gap between my parents widened steadily. When I reached college age I persuaded my mother to come with me to a larger educational center and to bring along my sister and brother. Here for a time she was happier. She began studying the violin again and became less interested in her religion. I was saner and happier than I had ever been.

But I knew that trouble might break at any moment. I knew how my father was living, and I was afraid my mother would decide to return to him. One day she did go—to surprise him. She returned almost as soon as a train could bring her back and I knew, when I saw her face, that she had had a shock from which she would never recover. She knew at last of my father's mistress. Every support was now gone, and she was in a state of nervous collapse. I spent the year nursing her. My brother, now adolescent, came, in that year, to hate my father bitterly. I began again to argue for divorce, but my mother would not listen. A father should do his duty and educate his son and she had no intention of allowing him his freedom now after all these years of her sacrifice. Meantime, my father was begging me to persuade her to get a divorce; his health was bad and he needed to get out of hotels and back into some kind of a home, and he needed the care of the woman whom he loved. I reminded him of his mistake years back when he had been jealous of the young doctor who had loved my mother. I think I was very bitter and hard myself. I was through college now, and at work. My brother was in college, and both he and my mother were with me. I saw my father occasionally. He was a sick man and had few years to live. He clung to me and pleaded with me never to allow my mother to come back to him.

Not until my brother had finished college did my long argument have any results. When it was too late, my parents were divorced. By that time neither had the strength or the spirit to rebuild his life. My father died a year later. My mother found solace for a time in her son and her religion.

And what have all these years meant to the children

of parents who would not consider divorce? I have always been a sickly and nervous woman. I married a sick man, thinking I could at least pity and take care of him even though I seemed incapable of love. I left him a few weeks later, and promptly got a divorce. Other lovers have come into my life, but I have never remarried. My sister, after ten years of marriage, is now divorced. My brother married in a moment of rebellion against my mother and was divorced within a year. Evidently, if life has taught

us anything it has taught us that divorce is preferable to an unhappy marriage. Very probably, our childhood has made it impossible for us to find happiness in marriage.

Divorce would have been better. My father and I could have lived happily together. My sister, my mother, and my brother would have made a congenial family. And had my mother remarried as a young and attractive woman, she might not have centered her life in her children, and they might have grown up into happier human beings.

## The Empire Dies Hard

### *The Simon Commission's Report on India*

By RICHARD B. GREGG

VOLUME I of the Report of the Simon Commission is a careful, detailed, and persuasive presentation of facts in the Indian situation. There are in it some distortions of emphasis amounting almost to omissions of pertinent facts, but these were probably intentional. The impression it made upon England and upon the United States was that India presents a problem of tremendous extent and complexity. The London *Spectator* aptly describes it as a "Book of Difficulties." The picture of India split into a medley of divided castes, religions, sects, parties, and classes was eagerly received by British opinion. It coincided with prior reports and unconscious British hopes.

Volume II, as a piece of constitutional planning, is remarkably skilful and thorough—indeed masterly. In its attitude and implications it is a monument of British firmness. But we are not now interested in description or constitutional theory. The question is: Does the report fit the political facts in the situation? What effect will it have? The newspapers have given us summaries of both documents. What are the important items, and what are the probable or possible reactions to them?

In Great Britain the effect of the first volume will probably be to make everyone feel cautious in making any advance in a field so complex and difficult. This will tend to provide wide support for the commission's policy of "gradualness" in surrendering power to India. The report as a whole is so comprehensive, detailed, and convincing as to create a strong feeling in England that nobody there is competent to propose any radical changes in it. Almost certainly the Labor M. P.'s will be timid in that respect.

Except for Indian opposition, Parliament would be inclined, I think, to accept the governmental scheme proposed in the report almost without change, though the Tories would fight hard to have the Indian police kept under British control instead of being placed in charge of ministers who may be Indian, as the report proposes. But without Gandhi present, no Indian pleas in conference would be strong enough to alter British plans essentially.

To understand the Indian attitude we need to note some characteristics and specific items of the report. An examination of the index gives an idea of the commission's sense of proportion. Apparently Finance is the most important subject, for under that title in the index there are 41 items or subheads, occupying two full double-column

pages. Defense of India apparently loomed next largest in their minds, as its subheads fill one full page. Taxation occupies an additional column. Communal Representation has 34 subheads, Mohammedans 25, Europeans 23, Depressed Classes 16, Anglo-Indians 15, Christians 12, Hindus 12, Swarajist Party 10, Non-Cooperation 3, Gandhi 3. If we are struck by these last two items, we find on further examination that out of a total of 725 pages of text in both volumes of the report, Gandhi and his 1920-21 movement are given 4 pages, and the history of Indian politics since 1920 occupies 12 pages.

The report does not offer any real advance in self-government by Indians, but probably in effect would reduce what little they now have. Not only are the existing limits as to "votable" and non-votable" items of expenditure maintained in both central and provincial governments, but also the governors of provinces, at their discretion and with the Viceroy's assent, may assume absolute control over matters of finance, police, and executive and legislative action. These are called the governors' "overriding powers." The Viceroy is to have complete control over the army, subject only to some direction from Great Britain and advice from the Commander-in-Chief. The British Central Executive in India is to continue to have the power of initiating measures of taxation for the Indian central government. The Council of State and the Federal Assembly may reject or amend a bill, but when the Viceroy considers that its passing is essential for the safety, tranquillity, or interests of British India or any part thereof, he may certify the measure, which thereupon has all the force of law. "Non-votable" items of expenditure are the cost of defense, the debt charges, and the salaries of All-India services. Over them the legislature has no control. Provincial governors would be given "overriding powers" for five purposes: (1) in order to preserve the safety and tranquillity of the province; (2) in order to prevent serious prejudice to one or more sections of the community as compared with other sections; (3) to secure the due fulfilment of any liability of government in respect of items of expenditure not subject to the vote of the legislature; (4) to secure the carrying out of any order received by the provincial government from the Government of India or the Secretary of State; (5) to carry out any duties which may be statutorily imposed on the government, such as duties in connection with some

service questions and with responsibility for backward tracts. The police are, it is true, to be placed under provincial ministers, who may be Indians (if Parliament consents), but the governor's overriding powers permit him to assume complete charge of the police whenever he thinks he needs to.

All this would seem to spell steam roller. The Indians are to have a modicum of provincial self-government so long as they are good children, but the instant they become naughty the British control is clamped on tight. In other words, the Indians may do the work of government and furnish the money and keep the brakes and guns all ready for their masters to use if anybody gets obstreperous. A suspicious Indian might consider that purpose number 2 of the overriding powers would provide an opportunity to create troubled waters in which the government could fish.

The proposed Council of Greater India, in which the Indian states would have delegates sitting with those from British India, together with the invitation to the states to join Federal India some day when they feel like it, is coupled with this statement: "The necessary conditions for bringing a fully federated constitution into being are not yet present. The provinces must first become political entities." To an Indian this device might look like an excuse for delaying self-government for another century.

At first glance it might seem that Mohammedans would be pleased because the new proposals would, for purposes of representation in the central legislature, create eleven provinces instead of the existing nine, and in five of these eleven—Punjab, Bengal, Sind, Northwest Frontier Province, and Baluchistan—there would be a strong Mohammedan majority. But on closer examination we find that owing to the method of choice of representatives, the proportion of Mohammedan representatives in the central legislature to those of other communities would not be increased over what it now is—about 30 per cent. That is the way the commission estimates it, anyhow. Also, the proposed reforms in the provincial legislatures would not increase Mohammedan power there except in the proposed new province of Sind. In the provinces also they hold about 30 per cent of the seats. In the population of British India the Mohammedans number 59,500,000 and the Hindus 163,000,000. This means that Mohammedans are a little over one-quarter of the population. But the scheme would probably supply more administrative posts for Mohammedans and might yield them more legislative power also. So as a piece of gerrymandering this may please them.

Landowners are deprived of their special seats in provincial legislatures, but it is provided that if in the elections they do not secure as large a proportional representation as they have at present, the governor may allow them enough more seats to preserve their quota intact. This may anger some of the landowners, but it will surely make them very cautious never to displease the governors. Thus does Britain propose to cement her power.

Quite naturally, all sections of Indian opinion, with one exception so far as the first cables show, are strongly opposed to the report. Such influential Mohammedans as Mr. Jinnah and Zulfar Ullah Khan; influential liberals, moderates, and business men such as Sir Phiroze Sethna, president of the Western Liberal Federation, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, president of the National Liberal Federation, Sir Ramaswami Iyer, Pandit Malaviya, Sir Chimanlal

Setalvad, who has been one of Gandhi's strongest opponents, Mr. C. Y. Chintami, Mr. Mody, and Mr. Lalje—all condemn it. Even Mohammed Ali cannot praise it, but now merely says he pins all faith on the Round Table Conference. Several moderates have similar hope. Nationalist leaders like Motilal Nehru and V. J. Patel disregard it as only what they expected. They say it merely vindicates the prior boycott of the Simon Commission. The only voice of approval is Shaukat Ali, a Mohammedan.

Before considering the question of what may happen next, let us discuss another feature of the report. On page 408 of Volume I the commissioners write:

We should say without hesitation that with all its variations of expression and intensity the political sentiment which is most widespread among all educated Indians is the expression of a demand for equality with Europeans and a resentment against any suspicion of differential treatment. . . . It is a great deal more than a personal feeling; it is a claim of all the East for due recognition of status.

They add that Indians in government posts, members of minority communities, and moderates "all alike are in sympathy with the demand for equal status with the European and proclaim their belief in self-determination for India." They say in the conclusion of the report: "We hope . . . that our Indian fellow-subjects . . . will find that what we have put forward has been written in a spirit of genuine sympathy." Yet the commissioners refuse to give the Indians self-government, never mention dominion status, and say, "We cannot do more." Again on page 12 of Volume II the commission speaks thus of nationalism:

Whatever may be its shortcomings and however distasteful some of its manifestations, it appears to be the one force in Indian society today that may perhaps contain within itself the power to overcome the deep and dangerous cleavages that threaten its peace. . . . Indian nationalism is a phenomenon which cannot be disregarded by the rulers either of British India or of the Indian states.

Yet they allot to Gandhi and non-cooperation only four pages out of a total of 725, and in their twelve-page discussion of Indian political history since 1920 they give small notice to the Swarajists. And in the conclusion they say:

In writing this report we have made no allusion to the events of the last few months in India. In fact, the whole of our principal recommendations were arrived at and unanimously agreed upon before these events occurred. We have not altered a line of our report on that account, for it is necessary to look beyond particular incidents and take a longer view.

Further they add this flourish of pride:

No one of either race ought to be so foolish as to deny the greatness of the contribution which Britain has made to Indian progress. It is not racial prejudice, nor imperialistic ambition, nor commercial interest that makes us say so plainly. It is a tremendous achievement to have brought to the Indian subcontinent and to have applied in practice the conceptions of impartial justice, of the rule of law, of respect for equal civic rights without reference to class or creed, and of a disinterested and incorruptible civil service. . . . In his heart, even the bitterest critic of British administration in India knows that India has owed these things mainly to Britain.

Leaving aside for the moment the contrast between

these British phrases and the recent events in India, and the undoubted effect of both on Indians, what is the meaning of all these contradictions between words and deeds in the document itself and why this apparent tactlessness? The members of the commission are not fools nor are they inexperienced in politics.

It seems probable to me that the commission, after due consultation with those now or previously in control in India, is convinced that there is not yet enough unity and power among the groups and parties of India to enable them stubbornly and successfully to oppose British power. This idea peeps out on page 12 of Volume II, which reads as follows: "Sectional interests—racial, religious, caste, or provincial—still tend to absorb the energies and devotions of the majority of Indians, and there are too few signs yet of a willingness to surrender such claims to the common good." This idea is confirmed by the interview which Mr. Benn, Secretary of State for India, gave to the United Press correspondent on June 20. Among other things he is reported to have said: "So far from being homogeneous, the population is sharply divided into religions and castes." This idea is further confirmed by reading the articles on the Indian situation in the March and June numbers of the British quarterly the *Round Table*, and the article entitled *The Present Situation in India*, by J. Coatman, recently Director of the Department of Public Information in the Government of India, published in the June number of *The Nineteenth Century and After*.

Upon this assumption the commission seems, in effect, to be saying on the one hand to England: We do not intend to surrender our control over India, but rather to readjust matters so as to handle future disturbances more effectively. We must try not to outrage world opinion by our manner. The present outburst may give us some rough sailing for a year or so but it will wear itself out as it did in 1920-21. Don't be too much worried. Remember our past achievements. The Empire will weather the storm.

To the Indians, the report may be said to imply: We don't disregard your nationalism but we believe we can defeat it, and we are determined to do so. The British are your masters and superiors. Here is what you can have and in fact what you will get. If dominion status is your goal, it is only a goal. You are in a rage now but after you feel the mailed fist a little longer you will subside and accept this. Perhaps you may get more some day, but not until you are so drilled in Western ways that we can trust you to do our will always.

Such an attitude is not surprising. The effective life of the British Empire is at stake. We need not brandish adjectives over this attitude, but we should understand its consequences. It must be admitted that up to last March there were some reasons for Englishmen to think that they could carry out their plan. But since then the ground has been steadily slipping from under them. Indian liberals and moderates have weakened their support to the British very markedly, and the Mohammedan rank and file, especially in Bombay, Sind, the Punjab, and Northwest Frontier Province, are now largely pro-Gandhi. Several sections of the non-Brahman party have switched to Gandhi. The group in British India upon whom the government seems now to be counting for support is the large landowners.

I judge that their attitude is that, regardless of forms of government, if the existing "law and order" can be preserved, their incomes will be safe. Therefore they and certain politicians who represent them are still willing to go and talk at a Round Table Conference in London. It is quite possible, however, that some of the landowners may melt and join Gandhi. There have been several indications that the government will soon impose martial law over several of the provinces, probably in order to try to collect its land revenue. But that may prove dangerous to the morale of the troops and police.

In regard to the proposed Round Table Conference, it looks as if the government believes that its show of firmness will compel Indian liberals and moderates to come to London. But Gandhi's strength has now grown so great that by October 20 I think many of the liberals and moderates who might still like a conference will be afraid to go to London lest they seem traitors to India. They are not wholly hard-boiled. Refusal to pay taxes will increase British harshness, resulting in more accessions to Gandhi from all quarters. Furthermore, it is doubtful whether the present pro-British Mohammedan leaders will be able to carry a majority of their rank and file with them. Practically nobody would be left for a conference but princes who cannot speak for British India, puppets, and some landlords able to speak for no one but themselves. They might agree to anything in London, but perhaps they could not put it into effect when they returned to India.

When, on March 26, 1930, the Prime Minister wrote to the Viceroy proposing the Round Table Conference in London on October 20, he said:

Those who will speak for British India should fairly represent the different parties and interests concerned. His Majesty's Government will welcome your advice as to the best method of achieving this end after such consultation as you may think necessary.

The Viceroy replied on April 17 as follows:

It is important that the representation of India in the conference should be fairly distributed among the sections of those who desire and have a title to be heard, and after examining several alternative methods and discussing the matter freely with men of widely differing opinions, I have found the predominant view to be that a fair distribution of representation cannot be assured by any process except that of invitation, in consultation, where possible, with the interests concerned. After careful reflection, I am disposed to reach the same conclusion.

It is true that Mr. Benn, in his interview of June 20 above referred to, is reported to have said, "The next stage in the pursuit of British policy will be the holding of a conference to which all sections of opinion in British India and the Indian states are to be invited." Mr. Benn may wish to have all sections of Indian opinion invited, but the Viceroy prefers to pick and choose. Probably "the man on the spot," i. e., the Viceroy, will have his way.

During the next few months comes the real test: Gandhi and the Indian Congress versus the British Empire. We of the West have yet to learn the tremendous power of Mahatma Gandhi's method. We must remember that Gandhi's idea is working on minds steeped in ideas of non-violence for the past 2,500 years. And Gandhi's own concepts have permeated all classes.

## The Press Today

# VIII. Montana and "the Company"

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE great Commonwealth of Montana is a dual entity. There is the State, supposedly a free and independent part of the Union, and there is "the Company," otherwise the Anaconda Copper Mining Company. It is not always easy to differentiate between the two, for sometimes what appears to be the State is the Company and sometimes the Company seems to be the State. Certainly the influence of the Company runs all through the State of Montana, penetrating every aspect of its business, social, and political life. It has long since outgrown the State of Montana; that was too small a field for its activity. It has now stretched its tentacles across the continent as far as Connecticut, where it has recently acquired some of the largest brass companies in that brass-bound State. Nor has it confined itself purely to manufacturing or mining or controlling directly or indirectly the water powers and other resources. It has annexed a very considerable portion of the daily and weekly press of Montana. Why not? When you are really something bigger than the State itself why shouldn't you control the organs of public opinion? The people ought to get the truth; who could give it to them better than those whom chance and nature and good business enterprise have made controllers of the destiny of the Commonwealth?

Conditions in the State of course made this control of its public opinion very easy. It has only about 600,000 inhabitants, unless the new census should give it more. There was in 1920, when there were only 548,000 inhabitants, just one citizen to every 170.4 acres. Aside from the mining industry, the private possession of the Company, the State is chiefly interested in farming and ranching. The largest city is Butte, with between 40,000 and 50,000 people; in 1920 there were only twelve towns with more than 5,000 inhabitants. The capital, Helena, has not in many years increased its population of 12,000. All of which made it easy for the Company to bag the bulk of the daily papers and at least 30 out of 140 weeklies. Of these 140 weeklies 43, of which one is distributed without charge, list themselves as Republican, 11 as Democratic, 58 as independent, 11 as independent-Republican, and 5 as independent-Democratic. Five wise and happy editors declare that they are beyond and without politics; 3 papers are labor journals, 1 is interested only in petroleum, and 3 bleed solely for the farmer. If party and press designations really meant something in Montana, one might think that this was a wonderful showing for the freedom and independence of the American newspaper.

There are 16 dailies in the State, one of which also prints an evening edition. Here, too, we have Republican, Democratic, and independent journals. But what do we find? A marvelous example of the kindness, toleration, and true Americanism of the Company. Realizing as it does that this is a two-party government and that American citizens are entitled to hear both sides of every question, it generously

runs both Republican and Democratic dailies. More than that, in the interest of efficiency and economy it arranged some years ago in the town of Missoula that the same man who wrote the Republican editorials in the morning should also write the Democratic editorials in the evening—its critics say with the shadow of the Company upon them both. Ostensibly, of the 16 dailies, 6 are Democratic, 4 are Republican, 5 independent-Republican, and 1 is independent. Those owned outright by the Company are the *Montana Standard* and the *Daily Post* of Butte; the *Anaconda Standard* of Anaconda; the *Helena Independent* and the historic *Record-Herald* published at Helena; the *Missoulian* and the *Sentinel* published at Missoula; the *Billings Gazette*, morning and evening editions; and the *Livingston Enterprise*. True, the Company has never officially admitted that it owned these journals, but the *Montana Free Press*, a deceased daily of which more anon, for weeks kept standing on its first page the names of these dailies with a statement that they were owned and published by the Company and asking the reason why. They naturally carry the names of separate companies and of their staffs upon their mastheads, but not one of them ever denied the allegation of the *Montana Free Press*, nor did the Company itself. Certainly some large resources stand behind this section of the press of Montana, for some of these dailies are run at a heavy loss. No one ventures to enter into competition with them, for people realize that if competition were started the rich owners of the rival company newspaper would stop at nothing to kill the competition.

Examine this list of company dailies and you will find that it covers the largest cities and towns with the exception of Great Falls, where the most influential daily in the State, the *Tribune*, is published and owned by two great friends of the Company. Here again we have the bi-partisan racket, for the *Tribune* owns the evening *Leader* and the *Tribune* is Democratic while the *Leader* is Republican. It is not fair to say that these papers are wholly subservient to the Company. There are times when they go counter to its wishes, but there is general agreement that in the main they are extremely well disposed to the supergovernment of the State, and to the Montana Power Company, which they oblige by doing much of its job-printing work, amounting to many thousands of dollars a year. At Bozeman, too, there is a Democratic daily which belongs to the owners of the *Tribune* and *Leader*. It, too, has the reputation of being very kind to the Company and understanding clearly the essential rightness of its intentions, the breadth of its vision, and the range of its patriotic service. This leaves of the entire daily group only four papers. Of these the *Havre News* now, as formerly, goes along with the Company; at Kalispell the *Inter Lake* leans to the Company on those rare occasions when it takes any particular political stand; at Lewistown the *Democrat-News*, a pretty good paper, is always ready to pinch-hit for the Company if a need arises. There remains but one really independent paper, the *Miles*

\* This is the eighth of a series of articles on the American press. The ninth will appear in our issue of July 23.—EDITOR THE NATION.

City Star, the property of Joseph Scanlan, but even here there are those who declare that during the past three or four years it has made no attacks upon the Company but has kept very quiet lest the Company come into this lively town of 7,000 people and start a rival daily. Long live the press of Montana! Who shall say that it does not do the will of its patrons? Who refuses to believe that it is free and untrammelled?

However that may be, the truth is that the daily press of Montana is in politics with a vengeance. It is doubtful if in any other State the press is itself so deeply involved in the great economic struggle which is at the bottom of our political life. The one test of a daily or a weekly, and for that matter of every politician in the State, is whether it or he belongs to the Company. There may be vital national issues; we may have exciting struggles in Washington over tariffs and foreign policies, whether the flag shall follow the dollar, and whether or not we shall get mixed up in an unsuccessful effort to purge Europe of militarism. In Montana such things soon fade out; they are ephemeral, of minor significance. You come back inevitably, whether you are a man or woman, white or Indian, to the battle against the Company and the Montana Power Company. It is like a bit of the Middle Ages over again, with the patient serfs trying every now and then to drive out the feudal barons that bestride the State and order the life of the State to their sweet will. Every man in political life is watched as if by hawks. I do not suppose there is one, certainly not Senator Wheeler or Senator Walsh or ex-Senator Joseph M. Dixon, now Assistant Secretary of the Interior, who has not at one time or another been charged with having surrendered to the Company. If anything you do not like takes place in Montana life, the Senators and Congressmen have sold out. If they vote in any way contrary to your thought and belief, the Company has "got them." I have had repeated assurances of late that both Senators have sold out to the Power Company in the matter of the Flathead power lease. I don't believe a word of it, but it is very hard indeed to get a reformer in the State of Montana not to suspect the worst in every act of every man in public life.

This is not surprising. From its very beginning the State has been the prey of the great mine-owners and the press has been their tool. Thus, the Butte *Miner*, now the *Montana Standard*, was formerly owned by the late Senator William A. Clark, the possessor of the greatest of the Montana fortunes. The *Anaconda Standard* was established by Marcus Daly, Clark's political and business rival in the Democratic Party. The Butte *Post* was established by former United States Senator Lee Mantle. The late Senator Thomas H. Carter, long the Republican boss of the State, was also deep in politics and hand in glove with the great corporations and their newspaper tools. It has been a long trail of this same sort of thing from the very beginning of statehood. Today our great and beneficent Company, the heir to these earlier pioneers, has developed a technique far beyond anything they thought of. Today the influence and power of the Company are not confined to its newspapers. Besides its mines and smelters it has lumber interests, owns great tracts of land and forests, wire mills, mercantile establishments, banks and their allied interests in all the leading cities, is identified utterly with its sister-company, the Montana Power Company, whose lines serve more than one hun-

dred towns in the State, and is in friendly contact with the leading people in every place of importance. Served by a legion of political aides in every community, it is well-nigh invincible when it sets its heart on anything. It permeates the social life of the entire State and can accomplish great things merely by starting a whispering campaign against those whom it opposes.

None the less the Company has been successfully challenged a number of times. Senator Wheeler fought it to a finish in his first election, despite the fact that the whispering campaign made use of his well-known opposition to the war, cast upon him every possible slur, and tried to impugn the honesty and patriotism of his administration of his office of district attorney. Then there was Mr. Dixon, successively Congressman, Senator, and Governor. It is his term as Governor that the people of the State like best to recall, for in that office he rendered valuable service in initiating and putting through an increase of revenue for the State through the passage of the Metal Mines Act and the creation of taxes on oil, coal, cement, express and freight companies, gasoline, inheritance, and the like. When Mr. Dixon took office there had been a deficit of \$1,200,000 a year. Under the old mining laws, if a mine showed a \$100,000 profit for the year it paid a tax on \$100,000. If it showed no profit it paid a tax of \$1, which was actually the amount that the great Anaconda and Clark mines paid in the years 1921 and 1922, although their properties were valued at tens of millions of dollars. The unlucky farmers, the railroads, the banks, and the cattlemen paid on valuation, whether there were net proceeds or not. Mr. Dixon demanded the abolition of this fraud and the substitution of a 1 per cent gross mining tax on the amount of metal produced. The majority of the House was with him; the Company owned the Senate, and the proposals were defeated. Again and again the Governor campaigned over the State telling the story, finally initiating the Metal Mines Tax bill under the initiative law of the State. At the same time he was renominated for Governor. At the polls a tragic thing happened: the people voted the Metal Mines Tax by a heavy majority and in the same booths turned round and defeated its originator, for Governor, by a 12,000 hostile majority. During this struggle all the great companies save one fought the Governor tooth and nail and there were only two of the daily newspapers of the State that gave him aid—the *Helena Record-Herald*, then owned by two independent citizens, and the *Miles City Star*. It was against these great odds that he fought and won and lost.

Curiously enough, the gage was once thrown down to the Company in the journalistic field. What is more remarkable is that the effort to establish in the State one fearless and independent newspaper was made on September 17, 1928, by W. A. Clark, Jr., the son of the great copper Senator. Just what his motive was has never become wholly clear. There was a magnificent opportunity at that time, when the *Helena Record-Herald* had just been sold to the Company, for a brave and honest and outspoken paper, and it looked at first as if the *Montana Free Press* of Butte were going to be just what its name implied, for it was at once aggressively opposed to the Company's political program. It played quite a role in the Presidential election despite the fact that it was in its infancy. When the legislature met in January and February, 1929, the *Free Press* sent an able and courageous

editor, James W. Scott, to Helena to put a searchlight upon what was going on and to demand more taxes upon the great companies. Steadily its circulation grew as the winter progressed, but so did its deficits. The Company used the familiar technique against it. It was whispered about that the *Free Press* was the whim of a multimillionaire who spent a lot of his time in Paris and would soon drop it; that advertisers would be foolish to patronize it. The Company had bossed Butte for decades; it was a \$600,000,000 corporation and the Power Company a \$100,000,000 one. Was it possible that they would let "Willie" Clark get away with this adventure? The paper was losing \$30,000 a month; \$400,000 had been poured in during the first five months. By the spring of 1929 the loss had been cut down to \$22,000 a month. But by May Clark was through; the whispering campaign had been right; there were other things in life for him than running a losing newspaper—residence in Paris, for instance, and in Los Angeles, where he had founded in 1919 the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. Had he held on, had he known how to run a daily, had he had the right business management, had he stuck to the job, and had he really understood what it was all about, the paper would undoubtedly have succeeded. But he had a bear by the tail and did not at first know it. Yet he did know how to let go successfully; the story is that he sold his plant to the Company in a way to break nearly even. Curiously enough, he brought his orchestra from Los Angeles to Butte and had it play there to a crowded house—this before the paper had ceased. He received an ovation and did not realize that it was in large part because of the *Free Press*. Had he told that audience then and there that he was in the fight to stay and to win if it cost him millions, the *Free Press*, many people think, would have succeeded, for the golden opportunity was at hand. Only the fighting leader was lacking; Clark went back to Los Angeles and to Paris.

And so the Company continues to be the supergovernment of Montana, continues to rule the State. There are some excellent fighters in the weekly field—usually denounced as cranks and malcontents. There is Dan Whetstone, of the *Cut Bank Pioneer Press*; there is Sam W. Teagarden, of the *Denton Recorder*, who makes a great many people uncomfortable and mad because he takes no stock in either the Republican or Democratic Parties and refuses to bow down before the Company. There is a tremendously radical paper, the *Producers' News* of Plentywood, also very courageous and consistent in its attacks on the Company; and finally there is the *Chinook Opinion* of Harry Brooks. Brooks and Whetstone fought admirably for the tax reforms of Governor Dixon, and so did a few other weeklies. But in this field, too, the Company knows what it is about. There is a company at Great Falls which prints "patent insides" for about eighty of the Montana weeklies. It is very good of its kind, carrying among other things first-class historical matter. But with it goes Company propaganda of a most insidious kind, able and effective in controlling public opinion. Even the independents like this service because it is so well done.

Meanwhile the Company goes ahead. Its newspapers continue to boost all their friends and ignore their enemies, and they are silent about all the really vital issues. The good plain common people are plucked, and plucked, and plucked. What chance is there for the proposed workmen's-compensation act? What chance that the gasoline overcharge of at

least \$5,000,000 a year will be ended in the interest of the motorist? What chance is there that the Company will be—but who can name the day of the revolution to give back to the American people the things that are theirs and to destroy the supergovernment not only in Montana, but in all of the Commonwealths?

[I have learned from two sources that a reference of mine in my article on the United Press to the unskilled men sometimes used by it in its foreign offices has been coupled with the succeeding quotation of an unworthy dispatch sent from the Berlin office. There was not the slightest intention on my part to reflect on the able men in the United Press Berlin office, save to point out that even from this source we get dispatches that should never burden the wires.—O. G. V.]

## In the Driftway

THE Drifter stopped relating his dreams when Mr. Freud became so insulting a few years ago. But now that the claims of the Freudians, like the styles in women's clothes, have become more modest, the Drifter has emerged once more from his shell, trailing his dreams behind him. And apparently telling one's dreams improves their quality, just as mowing one's lawn encourages a finer growth of grass. At any rate, the Drifter has lately been vouchsafed a dream that has proved a great social success.

THE scene of this dream was Westchester County, but it was not the Westchester of today. There were no houses; there were no roads. It was densely wooded and wild except that it was nicely trimmed underfoot. The Drifter remembers thinking at the time that it was rather strange to find this parklike floor in what was evidently a primeval forest. Threading the woods were many neat paths, some of them very narrow, others wide enough to accommodate four men abreast. It was on one of these wide paths that the Drifter discovered himself at dusk, walking briskly in a distinctly military way, bound on some very important mission military in character and requiring great speed.

THE Drifter had pursued his brisk way along the wide path for some time, when suddenly the path turned sharply to the right, proceeded in the new direction for perhaps ten feet, and then turned as sharply to the left again, continuing in the original direction. It must be remembered that the Drifter was in a great hurry. It was quite natural, therefore, that he should have cut the corner and struck off across the grass to regain his way. But just as he reached the path again he was brought up short by a crisp voice from the rear commanding him to halt. He halted, about-faced, and returned the salute of an archaic soldier standing before him. "The General would like to see you," said the aide de camp. Until that moment the Drifter had not even noticed the General, but now he observed that there was someone in an armchair not far from the jog in the path. As the Drifter approached the

presence of the General, following the aide de camp, he perceived that the armchair was very ornate, but such is the nature of dreams that it struck him as only mildly strange to come upon a general sitting in a high-backed, carved armchair in the middle of Westchester County at dusk with not a regiment in sight. He was hardly more surprised to find that the gentleman in the chair was General George Washington, looking like a composite of all the portraits the Drifter had ever seen of the Father of his Country.

THE Drifter came to a quick and stiff salute. The General seemed tired and looked at him with sad resigned eyes. That winter at Valley Forge, the recalcitrance of the Continental Congress, and the difficulties of inducing some of the home-loving ancestors of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution to walk more than a mile to meet the enemy—all these had left their mark. In quiet, kindly tones he asked the Drifter what he was doing and where he was going. When the questioning was over, he fell silent for a moment. The forest was very still and the dusk had turned to darkness. The Drifter waited nervously. Finally, with a sigh, the General spoke. "Son," he said, shaking his head in gentle reproof, "I have been fighting over this ground for forty years now, and I have never yet had occasion to walk on the grass."

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Why Senator Simmons Lost

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When you ascribe the defeat of Senator Simmons in North Carolina solely to party regularity you are as myopic as when, in the same issue, you predict Ambassador Morrow's defeat. Simmons could not have been beaten but for the waning importance of the issues on which he was able to carry his State against Smith in 1928: namely, race, rum, and religion. The successor of Simmons in the Senate will be Josiah William Bailey, a broad-minded man and a brilliant orator, who was a Smith leader in 1928. The Presidential campaign of two years ago was fought all over again this May and June—the big issue being whether it was patriotic or treasonable to have resisted "control of the Democratic Party by Tammany, Smith, and Raskob in the interests of the Pope and the rum power."

Bailey, as well as Simmons, was charged with irregularity. He was attacked for having once supported a Republican, for having defended independent voting, for having been appointed to office by a Republican legislature, for having predicted the failure of national prohibition and urged home rule or local option in its stead, and for having opposed Negro disfranchisement and "Jim Crow" legislation. The tom-toms were beaten vigorously, and the prohibition question secured many women's votes for Simmons, but the younger generation refused to see any perils in Bailey liberalism. New Jersey and North Carolina have both recorded victories for tolerance.

I would not presume to question your conclusion but for my intimate personal contact with conditions in Carolina, my native State, both in the 1928 campaign and in the recent one there. Your discernment is usually admirable.

BENJAMIN BOISSEAU BOBBITT

Long Branch, N. J., June 19

## An Important Neglected Event

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On February 9 of this year presidential elections took place in Colombia. There never was such a tremendous landslide in the political life of this country. A party which came to power as the result of war and treason had controlled the government for all of forty-five years. Rapacity, meanness, incompetence were the most visible qualities of their representative men. Submission to Rome was consecrated by a treaty. The Catholic clergy dominated the country all through those forty-five years by means of the school, the lyceum, and the pulpit, where they ruled supreme.

Mournful prophets of the party in power and the clear minds of the Liberal Party began to foresee an imminent change. The Conservatives smiled and went on exploiting the credulity and ignorance of the people—ignorance, of course, which they carefully maintained: the percentage of illiteracy amounts to something like 35 or 40 per cent.

The Conservatives put up two candidates. Half a century of immoderate rule had made a split in the ruling party. The Liberals concentrated on a single personality. The Liberal candidate won the election. This may or may not mean a substantial change in the methods of administration and in the progress of the ruling machine, but at any rate it is a sudden and unexpected change.

*The Nation*, a paper that seems to have always had a sympathetic eye on South American politics, has not dedicated a line of comment to these happenings. I wonder what the reason for this silence might be. The landslide is comparable to the one that took place in England in 1906 or in the United States when Cleveland was elected. It means for Colombia more than a political change. It goes to show that there are several South American republics where democracy has a meaning and can influence political life.

Besides, Colombia means something geographically. We Colombians are 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 people scattered over a territory of more than 400,000 square miles. Our struggles, both cruentous and bloodless, for liberty have been numerous and persistent. We are in the center of world traffic with coasts on both oceans. Why, therefore, has *The Nation*, so interested in things South American, ignored our existence in a most significant moment of our life?

Bogota, May 13

B. SANÍN CANO

## "Improvement or Explosion"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish I knew who the J. G. Curtis is who wrote the article on Big-Business Brains in *The Nation* for June 11. It seems to me that he has gone right to the core of the matter. His idea may be parallel, though not identical, with that of the Socialists generally, namely, that the trusts and monopolies will gradually get all business in their hands and have it in first-class shape against the time when conditions become so very bad that the government will have to take over all industry and manage it in the interests of the people.

Certainly, the gross and constantly increasing injustice of our industrial system cannot continue forever. I hope it may be righted by evolution rather than revolution. There is always such a tremendous loss in reforms brought about by revolution. But when the enormous rewards that come to those engaged in industry are divided so inequitably that the great mass of the producers get little better than starvation wages and go a

good share of the time without those wages through unemployment, while a few at the top, who in many cases contribute nothing whatever to production, receive the bulk of what is produced, there must be either an improvement or an explosion.

Long Beach, Cal., June 16

F. DARWIN SMITH

## The Morrow Victory

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of June 11, under the caption Prohibition Flares Up, you say in part:

The wet split in New Jersey probably means the defeat of Dwight Morrow in the primary, and the country will lose the services in the Senate of one who really shows some desire to lead and the courage to take a position, even if that position is no more practical than most of those taken by the other side [my italics].

Well, the New Jersey primary is over, and in view of the returns your conjecture seems a trifle ridiculous.

I wonder why a periodical like *The Nation*, which I have read with pleasure, profit, and enthusiasm for five years or so, has not uttered one word of protest against sending to the United States Senate a man who comes from one of the most reactionary groups in America.

Why strive for converts to government ownership (or to increase the circulation of *The Nation* for that matter) when an associate of the House of Morgan has the mantle of Abraham Lincoln placed on his shoulders by the wet and Wall Street-controlled press of New York City?

While the good citizens of New Jersey (those that voted for Morrow) are standing with eyes transfixed and arms extended for the countless glasses of imaginary lager promised them, the monopolies, particularly the power trust, will be licking the platter clean.

Oradell, N. J., June 18

HENRY T. BELLEV

## Health Insurance in Austria

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter from Vienna written by Dr. Ernst Kulka about health insurance in Austria in your issue of May 14 was very interesting and instructive. The question of health and old-age insurance must sooner or later come to the front in the United States, and it is most appropriate to inform your readers concerning such insurances in other countries; how they are managed and how they work in a practical way. I hope you will continue with similar articles from Germany and the Scandinavian countries.

Pasadena, Cal., May 18

A. H. BORNFELL

## To California Liberals

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Members of the League for Independent Political Action residing in Southern California and others in this district interested in the project to create a new political alignment in harmony with the realities of American life are invited to communicate with me at 538 Bradbury Building, 304 Broadway, Los Angeles, California. A branch of the league is being organized with headquarters here.

Los Angeles, June 7

OSCAR L. TRIGGS

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# Books and Films

## Hermit by the Dead Sea

By SONIA RUTHÈLE NOVÁK

Safe in the grotto of my reasoning,  
I hear the rain. But I am dull and cold  
As all become on Dead Sea fruit. The mold  
Of peace has formed upon my hem. No sting  
From salt unrest can reach me here. No fling  
Of spume can splash me with its yeast. No bold  
Or wind-spawned danger dares approach. No fold  
Of canvas need fill out its width to sing.

For wild and weird as this fierce will of rain  
Comes down, its slanting spears of appetite  
Beat futile rhythms to assail my brain!  
My cumbrous feet shall never more take flight  
From them; nor shall my mummied heart sustain  
New piercing from their scar-remembered might.

## The Negro in America

*The Negro in American Civilization.* By Charles S. Johnson.  
Henry Holt and Company. \$4.

OF all the problems which face America none has been discussed at more length, with greater heat, and with less exact information than the race problem. Every intelligent American knows that Negroes suffer from lynching, disfranchisement, Jim Crow cars, unequal apportionment of school funds, grossly unfair economic opportunity, segregation, and contumely. Few Americans, however, know exactly why these things occur or what can be done about removing them from American life.

Realization of this situation led to the formation in 1926, by sixteen national organizations interested wholly or partially in the race problem, of a central executive committee to gather together all available information and to ascertain just what additional data needed to be gathered. A research committee was appointed having as members some of the outstanding authorities of the country. Of that committee Charles S. Johnson, of Fisk University, formerly editor of *Opportunity: A Journal of Negro Life*, served as secretary. To him and to Mary Van Kleeck of the Russell Sage Foundation, who served as chairman, is due much of the credit for the success of the National Interracial Conference, held at Washington in December, 1928.

"The Negro in American Civilization" is the result of that conference. It covers in its 522 pages practically every aspect of the problem of relations between white and colored people in the United States. The Negro's problem as a workingman, the attitudes of employers toward Negro labor, the Negro in agriculture, the Negro's health, with especial emphasis on causes of Negro mortality and morbidity, education, home ownership, the protection or lack of protection of the Negro by the law, and allied aspects of life for eleven million American Negroes are treated in great detail. For some reason, however, two important aspects of race relations are omitted—the influence of the press, both white and Negro, on race relations, and the responsibility of the church in respect to race prejudice.

The second half of the book contains papers written for

the Washington conference by such authorities as W. E. B. Du Bois; Herbert Adolphus Miller, of Ohio State University; Thorsten Sellin, of the University of Pennsylvania; Louis I. Dublin, of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company; and Niles Carpenter, of the University of Buffalo.

The volume is almost wholly a factual presentation, and the critical attitude is largely missing. This is to be regretted, as Professor Johnson's calm and scientific approach to the race problem would give especial value to more pointed indications of what is needed to help solve the problems presented. For example, the facts regarding lynching are set forth at considerable length, but one does not learn what lies back of the lynching evil, nor does one have much guidance toward possible elimination of this terrible pastime. In brief, there is no linking up of the economic problems of the Negro, of exploitation North and South, of labor-union discrimination against the Negro, and of the other economic factors largely responsible for lynchings in the United States.

The book is carefully done and contains an immense amount of statistical material. Factual errors creep in so rarely that they stand out all the more, as in the statement "The Mayor and Mr. Clarence Darrow were retained by the American Civil Liberties Union and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People" to defend Negroes charged, in Detroit in 1925, with having killed a member of a mob which attacked the home of a Negro physician. It is obvious that a mayor could not have been employed as defense counsel in a case of this sort, and a little more careful inquiry would have revealed that the Civil Liberties Union did not participate in the defense. Such errors, however, are, fortunately, few. The work is a carefully documented, moderate statement of facts. Sober consideration of the material presented can do much toward bringing thought on the race question out of the realm of hysteria and into "the light of social research." No person who is interested in this grave question or who has a regard for the good name and well-being of America can afford to neglect reading this book.

WALTER WHITE

## With Scott at the South Pole

*The Worst Journey in the World: Antarctic, 1910-1913.*  
By Apsley Cherry-Garrard. The Dial Press. \$5.

IT would be impertinent for anyone I know to praise the bravery of this book, as it would be ridiculous for him to attempt even to suggest the richness of its content. I shall do neither, though the temptation is great. I shall simply say that it is the first American edition of a work which eight years ago gave the English public a more or less complete account of Scott's last expedition to the South Pole; and that it is one of the most interesting books I ever have read or expect to read.

Mr. Cherry-Garrard, who was a member of the expedition and an eyewitness of much that he tells, believes he is not an effective writer. He had to call in Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Shaw for advice and assistance. That would help, but it is plain to me that as good a book as this could never have been written with the aid of other persons. An author who needs help badly is seldom worthy of the help; the result will be patchwork. Whereas Mr. Cherry-Garrard, maintaining always a certain detachment from the terrible events he describes after a silence of nine years, a certain dry, cold humor, a certain sincere yet bitter eloquence, has got through a very long book with no failure, so far as I can see, to do

its subject justice. Mr. Shaw himself has paid his friend the proper tribute, saying:

The most fascinating books in the world are those which record, at first hand, the extremities that humanity can endure in extraordinary and appalling experiences under the strangest circumstances. Such books are very rare, not only because such experiences are rare, but because the accident of their occurring to anyone with the still rarer literary talent needed for a vivid description of them is almost a mathematical impossibility. It was perhaps the only real stroke of luck in Scott's ill-fated expedition that Cherry-Garrard, the one survivor of the winter journey, happened to be able to describe it so effectively.

The winter journey of which Mr. Shaw speaks was only one of many journeys undertaken by members of the expedition, and the story of it occupies only one of nineteen chapters here; but I can believe that it was "the worst journey in the world in the interest of science," or at any rate the worst journey ever survived. Ten chapters, naturally, are devoted to the polar journey from which all of the depot parties returned but from which, as the world knows, Scott and his four companions—Wilson, Bowers, Oates, and Evans—did not return. That was bad enough, and the story of how three of their bodies were found in a tent is of course harrowing enough. Yet there lingers a unique horror about the other journey, undertaken the first winter by Wilson, Bowers, and Cherry-Garrard in order to secure some embryos of the emperor penguin—valuable, it appears, to science. The only rookery of this bird then known was

on the sea inside a little bay of the barrier edge at Cape Crozier. Chicks had been found in September, and Wilson reckoned that the eggs must be laid in the beginning of July. And so we started just after midwinter on the weirdest bird's-nesting expedition that has ever been or ever will be.

That is to say, the emperor penguin breeds in the depth of the polar night, warming its eggs as best it may by keeping its feet between them and the ice and by pressing a certain unfeathered portion of its body upon them from above. And that is to say, three men walked five weeks in darkness for a few of these eggs, in temperatures ranging regularly between 50 and 75 degrees below zero, across snow and ice and down crevasses; slept at "night," or pretended to one another that they slept, in a little tent, in frozen sleeping-bags that sometimes took hours to get into; pulled two sledges weighing together 757 pounds; lost their tent in a blizzard and found it again; existed for five weeks in misery that Mr. Cherry-Garrard admits without reserve; and got three eggs.

That was five weeks. The expedition lasted three years, and consequently Mr. Cherry-Garrard has told a thousand times more things than one could mention. I can only record my feeling of confidence that he has got practically everything in—the winters in the safety hut, the astonishing beauties of the sky, the amusing ways of seals and penguins, the unspeakable visitations of dysentery, scurvy, and chilblain, the persistent troubles with the ponies, the dogs, the mules, and the sledges, the thrill of discovery, the sense of disaster, the compensations of friendship.

Mostly, I gather, it was misery. It was heroism also, of a high degree. But I am interested in the title of the last chapter, which is *Never Again*. Mr. Cherry-Garrard is not one of those heroes who pretend altogether to relish the memory of what they did; and he is not the kind of man to say that other men should have his hardships. His last chapter—published eight years ago—expresses the hope that the next expedition will go to the pole with airplanes and in comparative comfort. I think he cannot be one of those today who complain that Byrd went south with too much equipment.

MARK VAN DOREN

## Lives of Two Poets

*Life of John Keats.* By Albert Erlande. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$3.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.* By Louise Schulz Boas. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.50.

HERE are two more literary biographies, dealing with the lives of two of the most interesting poets of the nineteenth century. Mr. Erlande's "Life of John Keats" (written in French and translated by Marion Robinson) is the better of the two both in style and in subject matter. With all the facts at his command, Mr. Erlande has given us a delightful narrative which should explain and endear Keats to many readers unacquainted with the usual more scholarly biographies. He acknowledges frankly that he has no new data, that he is using only the well-known sources plus the later work of Amy Lowell and the interpretation of Middleton Murry. His purpose is good fictional biography, and this he writes very well. If Mr. Erlande errs at all it is in taking rather too seriously Middleton Murry's psychoanalysis of Keats and therefore explaining many of the poet's actions as the result of his smallness of stature. No such simple inferiority complex can explain Keats. This "Life" is, however, a commendable piece of work.

Mrs. Boas's biography of Elizabeth Barrett Browning suffers somewhat from too much sentimentalizing over the invalid poetess and her rescue by the robust Browning. The romance is, of course, the main theme of the volume. Here, again, facts are cast into an interesting narrative, and the story, which is a very general favorite, is as good reading as most novels. If the style is less careful and illuminating than Mr. Erlande's, Mrs. Boas has nevertheless held the reader's interest.

Neither of these two biographies can be said to have the authority and scholarship, or the vivid method of presentation, of Ethel Colburn Mayne's brilliant studies of Lord Byron and of Lady Byron. Both tend a little too much toward simple story-telling rather than toward the imaginative and critical analysis of a poet's character and work.

EDA LOU WALTON

## The Death of Humanity

*Flood.* By Robert Neumann. Covici-Friede. \$3.

BOTH the theme and the background of "Flood" pre-determine its staccato tone, its ugly photography, and its passionate fury. It is one of the most searing novels that have of late come out of post-war Germany; but it is well to remember with respect to books of this class, as "All Quiet on the Western Front" bears accusing witness, that the horror exists in the mind of the author as well as in the scene he is portraying. Remarque, like Dostoevski, gives us human pity and relief; Neumann yields us none; in him there lives nothing but the most hopeless bitterness and despair.

While the novel opens in the period that just preceded the war it deals chiefly with the reconstruction epoch, which was marked by the crash of the mark and the rise of the *Schieber*. The reiterated themes are impoverishment of the middle classes, general moral dissolution, unemployment, sex aberration, and starvation. Little more than an empty shell of the comfortable German bourgeois structure built up in the course of forty years was left. Within this shell the human maggots crawled, and Whirl was king.

"Flood" is a natural enough outgrowth of German expressionism, which, it had seemed but yesterday, was dead or dying. It shares with the expressionist poets and playwrights

at least one admirable quality: it is honestly and passionately written. It is also class-conscious. While it does not explicitly state that the world will be saved by the peasant on the land, it nevertheless draws its types of wrecks, blackguards, and wastrels from urban society. The protagonists are not so much individuals as members of a certain class, helpless and doomed. The tenement they dwell in is a kind of vertical inferno, a silo of degraded ferment, a Gothic tower of greed, hysteria, and lust.

Samuel Klein, the Jewish *Schieber* whose financial genius and daring lifted him from the trade of shoepaste-peddler to a position of immense wealth and power within a few years; his curiously degenerate family; the lascivious and brutal Birekmeier; prostitutes and brothel-keepers, male and female; a group of spiritualists; a men's rooming-house—all combine to give an overwhelming picture of social and human disintegration which leaves the reader fatigued and discouraged. The book shows, as I have said, little restraint; and in this it resembles "Death of a Hero"; but unlike Mr. Aldington's war novel it lacks any kind of relief and the sharpening of story interest. It is quite futile to compare such books as "Flood" with Dostoevski, for the Russian novelist, as everybody knows, permitted a ray of human nobility and pity to illumine his darkest scenes: the spaces of the human soul are, for him, muddied but ultimately pure. "Flood" is a rather mechanical and soulless book. If it fails to shock us into a catharsis it is largely because the chiaroscuro of art is unfortunately absent.

PIERRE LOVING

## When Nothing Seemed Impossible

*The Dialogue on Miracles.* By Caesarius of Heisterbach. Translated by H. von E. Scott and C. C. Swinton Bland. With an Introduction by G. G. Coulton. The Broadway Medieval Library. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two volumes. \$10.

THE publication of the "Chronicle of Jocelin of Breton" in 1840 inspired Carlyle to write "The Ancient Monk," and no doubt many people still get their ideas of medieval monasticism through this Victorian medium. Jocelin's chronicle was translated some years ago but its picture of monastic life and thought is by no means complete. Persons interested in medieval asceticism should be grateful that Caesarius of Heisterbach is now available in English, so that close acquaintance with the past need not remain the monopoly of specialists. The spirit and temper of ordinary monastic life are more vividly set forth here than in Jocelin's narrative; and when we remember the significance of the ascetic ideal to the medieval mind, this opportunity to investigate easily the life and thought of the professional ascetics will be doubly welcomed by all students of the past.

Caesarius does not present his readers with stock traditions culled from the lives of the saints. He specializes in the current tales of his own time told to him by trustworthy persons. He shows us the kind of edifying events which apparently were going on all the time, report of which was eagerly handed about by the religious from one monastery to another. Many of these anecdotes still carry the echoes of contemporary events—of the Guelph-Hohenstaufen struggle, of the Crusades, of the Albigensian war, even of the Becket controversy—but it is indicative of the point of view that these great worldly happenings serve only as an accidental background for the manifestation of God's power over some obscure individual.

The modern psychologist or the person looking for varie-

ties of religious experience will find in these volumes a very considerable mass of data; indeed, we may perhaps see here an opportunity to interpret in psychological detail some of the phenomena of medieval religion. There is an enormous number of visions; one of the twelve books even attempts to put them in their proper categories. The desire for revelations was evidently very strong, and it was one which might be gratified after fervent prayer. It is notable that visions with great similarity of motif seemed to come frequently to the same persons, often giving them the reputation for sanctity. The reader also finds himself suspecting that many of the visions of the dead were pious frauds intended to persuade a living person to do something which some churchman thought should be done. In one case recorded the sons preferred to leave their father in torment rather than to restore the property which he had gained unjustly.

Here, too, we glimpse something of the quality of the monkish mind. There is a kind of naive priggishness alleviated by signs of real spiritual aspiration. The fear of sin and the desire to be sinless are ever present. Yet even excess of zeal is a sin, while success in virtue begets vainglory. "It is a terrible thing," says the novice, "that God so severely punishes faults that in our judgment are so very slight." Devils abound in great numbers, often disguised as angels; their activities are a matter of great interest, and ability to see them is recognized as a gift from God. Some of them are rascals, but others are quite reliable. Can they beget children? Miracles are accepted as daily occurrences, only requiring proper interpretation to be edifying. There are interesting indications of the kind of questions which troubled the religious mind; for example, what does a soul look like? Finally, a continuous reading of these two volumes will leave an impression of the tedious monotony which must have been a phase of monastery life.

RICHARD A. NEWHALL

## A Colorful First Novel

*Pilgrim to the Abyss.* By Axel Eggebrecht. Translated from the German by M. M. Bozman. Alfred H. King. \$2.50.

IN this first novel a young German writer invades the no man's land that separates popular biography from the historical novel. The prototype of his Princess Olga is a Russian noblewoman who was at one time a well-known figure in the international social life of Europe and who is now living in obscurity in Soviet Russia. Herr Eggebrecht, however, has risen superior both to the Ludwig kind of biography and to the usual run of historical fiction. He has written a true novel, a powerful and dramatic story of human lives acted out before colorful, shifting backgrounds—the old Russia and the new Russia, the Revolution, and centers of cosmopolitan society scattered over the face of Europe.

In the Princess Olga Herr Eggebrecht has done the portrait of a woman who, for all her sufferings, her wide travels and many contacts, her wealth, experience, and station, never knew life, never quite understood. Her coolness of mind, her imperviousness, her acts of cruelty—all arise from ignorance, a profound ignorance of true emotional values. Her heart remains a blank. The early chapters which describe the repressed, prison-like childhood of this proud woman and those describing her marriage, which instead of effecting her release only added torture to imprisonment, lay a firm foundation for the character and career of the woman who finally escapes to become an international celebrity. Like Feuchtwanger's Jew Süss she understands only power. She is all woman; but a woman who has learned through bitterness to stifle her emotional nature until it remains locked deep within her, inaccessible. The Revo-

lution catches her and strips her. She never gives up. An old woman, she gets on her feet once more—unbeaten.

The novel is, however, much more than a character study. There are unforgettable scenes, scenes in which unbridled passions run their course. And there are many characters. Not all of these are successful: Nolken, the weakling; Dolichen, the schoolteacher-anarchist; Henrietta with her dreams of play-acting; some of the others—they seem dim, sketchy. But there are a few characters who live with extraordinary vividness: the cruel, imperious mother who hates her child; the bluff General Kubileff, a drunken, lecherous old man who dandles the child Olga to feel her little body, but who is kind to her and becomes therefore the first, almost the only love of her childhood; the half-mad husband who is wholly in the power of his stronger brother; that brother himself, the sadistic, the unspeakable Vladimir. And there are revolutionists, diplomats, royalties, internationalists; for Herr Eggebrecht is always mindful of his historic backgrounds.

In spite of its many superior qualities, "Pilgrim to the Abyss" has some grave faults. It could well have been made longer. Some of the incidents are so lightly sketched in that they seem pointless, and the end of the story is weakly executed. The author descends, after the manner of certain biographers, to catch up loose ends, disposing of them as speedily as possible. Perhaps he was not at all times sure whether he was writing biography or fiction. But a strong novel has resulted from his method, and Herr Eggebrecht will bear watching.

The diction in this English version and the splendid rhythms that carry along the more dramatic moments reveal a translator of exceptional qualifications.

FRED T. MARSH

## More "New" History

*The Coming of the White Man, 1492-1848* (A History of American Life, Volume I). By Herbert Ingram Priestley. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

**A**LTHOUGH probably not designed as such, this book is in a way an answer to a certain challenge issued to the "new" history by its opponents. One of these last suggested not long ago that if the members of the new school would only write some of their product instead of spending so much effort in writing about it, all parties would be better pleased. In the "History of American Life," of which this volume is chronologically the first, the authors and editors are attempting to make available those parts of the "new" history which concern the United States. Professor Priestley's theme is the three distinctive, non-English civilizations, Spanish, French, and Dutch, which were established in North America during the early periods of colonization.

Admirers of Prescott and Parkman who may chance to read the book will probably be a good deal surprised at what the "new" historians are doing. The old heroes and their deeds are gone; history is brought down to earth; the commonplace is exalted; in fact, the very world itself seems turned upside down. For example, Cortez is barely mentioned, while the rousing tale of Spanish conquest finds no place whatever. Instead of wars, Indian uprisings, and the doings of the soldiers the author presents the story of the transit of Spanish civilization; the characters of the story are miners, farmers, missionaries, and here and there a public official. It is significant that the frontispiece of the volume is a portrait of neither conqueror nor explorer, but of one Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz, a scholar—feminine at that!—of New Spain in the seventeenth century. Count Frontenac appears once, and then merely as an official who became restive under a too

complete control by the clergy. In the space made available by the omission of the explorers and the warriors of New France appears the *habitant*, living in his unventilated house in the midst of dirt and bugs. Curiously enough Peter Stuyvesant is mentioned more frequently than are some of the former celebrities of New Spain and New France, but only because he had social as well as military and executive interests, not because the author permits himself to relapse into politics. In spite of the relatively numerous references to Stuyvesant, the reader will find more information as to how the Dutchmen in America built their houses, how they skated, played golf, and got drunk, than how they lost their highly valuable little colony. It may be, perhaps, just as important for this generation to know that the colonial Dutchman slept between two feather beds as it was for an earlier one to know the details of political history. "De gustibus non disputandum" is an old adage, and the woman had a perfect right to kiss her cow if she pleased.

Mr. Priestley's volume is an excellent illustration of the "new" history at its best; and also, because it is so well done, it serves to emphasize all the more clearly the weaknesses of this type of approach. The book contains an admirable account of Spanish, French, and Dutch life in North America; the material is clearly organized, well proportioned, and presented in the best of taste. The work is dignified and scholarly throughout. The analysis of Spanish culture in particular will be welcomed by every teacher of American history. Nowhere else in a single volume can one find such an array of information on the subject which the author has chosen. And yet, in spite of its excellence, the work seems incomplete, entirely apart from an unexplained omission of all reference to the German immigrants. The deeds and accomplishments of the warriors who are so unceremoniously cast into the discard were an essential part of this early American civilization in the sense that they made it possible. One may wish as hard as one pleases that European culture could have been planted here by more peaceable means than it was, but the wish is not fulfilled merely by ignoring the soldiers and their generals. Some facts are undeniable, and all kinds of facts went into the making of colonial society. To ignore one group of these is to distort the picture and commit the sin, grave among historians, of conveying an inaccurate impression.

RALPH VOLNEY HARLOW

## An English Lawyer

*For the Defense: The Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall.* By Edward Marjoribanks. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

**F**OR the Defense" is the life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall, one of the foremost English criminal lawyers during the past half-century. For the layman the book has all the fascination of a series of interesting detective stories told around a central figure of great charm and magnetism. For the lawyer it is, in addition, an interesting exposition of how law is practiced and how criminal trials are conducted in England, in striking contrast with our own system of criminal procedure.

Marshall Hall was not a great lawyer, but he was, evidently, a great personality. Throughout the book we have a picture of an ardent, dynamic man, impatient of the hampering rules and technicalities of trial procedure, swaying juries by his dramatic fervor, and winning cases in spite of apparent limitations as a lawyer.

In America we are accustomed to regard the English courts, and particularly the criminal courts, as examples of a dignity and decorum that are often lacking here. We look upon

the English bar as exemplifying standards of conduct somewhat higher than our own. It comes as somewhat of a shock, therefore, to find Marshall Hall behaving repeatedly, and with apparent impunity, in a manner that would have brought down upon him in this country the severest judicial censure.

Lord Birkenhead, in an introduction, points out that Hall's behavior is not typical. It is strange, however, that it was tolerated at all. It is particularly astonishing to find that Hall could build a career resulting at last in knighthood upon practices that would mean inevitable ruin to an American attorney. In one of his earliest cases he managed to get a friend with whom he had played cricket on the jury. "There was a friend," he said in telling about this incident. "I knew he was a friend; and oblivious to all the other eleven occupants of that box (if indeed there were any others) I talked to that man for all I was worth for three-quarters of an hour. . . . But the result justified the means. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty." Mr. Marjoribanks's naive comment on this is: "But how few of us ever have the luck to see an old friend in the jury box."

Marshall Hall indulged in practices that would result in immediate disciplinary proceedings if attempted here. There was, for example, his habit of stating as facts his personal beliefs and opinions. In an insurance case in which the issue was whether the deceased, who had been shot, had died by suicide or accident, Hall, to save the expense of a pistol expert, offered to show how the revolver worked. He then "proceeded to explain to the jury that he was the greatest expert on revolvers in the country . . . and how, to his personal knowledge, a young officer had died as the result of an accident with this type of revolver in just such circumstances as in the case in question."

"If it hadn't been dear old Marshall," said Sir Douglas Hoag, his opponent, "I should never have forgiven such a thing." If dear old Marshall had tried that in New York Sir Douglas would have been on his way to the Grievance Committee of the Bar Association before the jury had brought in its verdict.

Perhaps it is unfair to Hall's memory to emphasize these professional aberrations. He was more than a mere court charlatan; he was an advocate of great zeal and force. But these instances that have been pointed out are told by his biographer rather casually and with a certain degree of admiration. They are of striking interest to American lawyers as illustrative of the standards of professional behavior, not necessarily lower than ours but certainly different, that seem to exist at the English bar.

Of even greater interest and significance is the respect that is paid to the successful criminal lawyers in England. In America the practice of criminal law has become *déclassé*. Self-righteous lawyers regard the criminal courts as a sort of moral pest-house, and look with contempt upon the practitioner who defends persons charged with crime. The criminal lawyer is regarded by many of his professional brethren as a sort of cross between a pickpocket and a bootlegger. Many of the evils in the administration of criminal law that are now engaging such zealous amateur attention may be attributed to this supercilious attitude toward the practice of criminal law. It is splendid to find in Great Britain this fine respect for an able advocate who did not regard the defense of unfortunates as something degrading.

There are a number of excellent stories in "For the Defense" that are worth while for their own sake. The Camden Town case, the Fahmy case, the Seddon case, and the celebrated George Joseph Smith bathtub case have given the book a deserved popularity in this age of interest in stories of crime. But it is as a portrait of a vivid, fearless legal knight-errant that the life of Marshall Hall deserves to be regarded as one of the most fascinating biographies of the past year.

NEWMAN LEVY

## Books in Brief

*Enfants Terribles.* By Jean Cocteau. Translated by Samuel Putnam. Brewer and Warren. \$2.50.

Paul and Elizabeth are brother and sister, orphans. Their life together is lived in a mad, fantastic play-world of their own. Utterly irresponsible and undisciplined, completely isolated except for the two friends whom they come to admit into their unearthly atmosphere and whom they dominate, they live quite outside reality. And because such an unregulated existence is intolerable on an earthly plane they are a doomed pair. Life and they can no longer either ignore each other or tolerate each other. Jean Cocteau, like Guy de Maupassant in his day, twangs a single string in each of his stories, seeking to achieve perfection within a limited space and with great economy of means. The wide difference between the two lies in the difference between their respective generations. Those who will most like this book are those who have traced the way, in their reading of a certain genre of French novels, from Flaubert to the present, and have delighted in observing the continued process of sloughing off flesh until the nerves alone, strung on the delicate skeleton, remain exposed. "Enfants Terribles" is peculiarly an exposure of nerves.

*The Hound of Florence.* By Felix Salten. Translated by Huntley Paterson. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

To attempt to review in a paragraph Felix Salten's delicate, mournful, and symbolic fantasy laid in the Florence of the waning Renaissance, to attempt to outline its slight story, to describe its characters, or to wax profound over its implications would be a most ungrateful task. One prefers merely to recommend it in its fine translation to all those who are lovers of the exquisite in books. By way of introduction it may be said that "The Hound of Florence" is not, like "Bambi," about animals. And it is fitting to quote the theme, taken from the writings of an ancient hermit: "If so be thou art poor on this earth, thou must be a dog for one half of thy life; then mayest thou spend the other half as a man among men."

*The Thistles of the Baragan.* By Panait Istrati. Translated from the French by Jacques LeClercq. Vanguard Press. \$2.50.

Panait Istrati's fierce indictment of the Rumanian government for its mistreatment of the peasantry and its bloody repression of the revolution of 1907 is not a novel at all in the conventional sense. It is probably more nearly accurate than many so-called histories, and it is ostensibly innocent of any novelistic plot-weaving. But the reader will find it more difficult to abandon unfinished than any of the "sealed" mystery stories which a prominent American publisher is issuing. The enormous Baragan thistles, blown westward in millions by the pitiless winds from southern Russia, are followed by the starved, restless boys of the sterile East Danubian plains, who seek opportunity in the more favored country farther west. The boys of Panait Istrati's story find only further suffering, tyranny, and ghastly bloodshed; but the author himself out-traveled the thistles and became the most cruelly absorbing writer now alive in France. Here, as always, Mr. LeClercq has made a fine, strong translation.

*Seed of Liberty. The Story of the American Colonies.* By E. Keble Chatterton. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$5.

The most charitable thing to say about this volume is that it must have slipped past the publisher's editorial department when someone was nodding. The book deals with selected

aspects of American colonial history, but it is far from being what the subtitle implies and as a survey of the causes of the Revolution it falls considerably short of the demands of modern historical scholarship. There is nothing new in the work, nothing which is not easily available and more accurately handled elsewhere. The author not only accepts but defends the John Smith-Pocahontas story. He shows also a predilection for time-honored stereotyped generalizations—Spain “never had the genius for governing”—or for equally bad ones of his own making. A smooth style is a priceless asset for a historian, but it is not a substitute for history, and the blurb on the jacket is no guaranty of quality in the text.

*Survey of International Relations, 1928.* Edited by Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford University Press. \$7.50.

The sixth volume in this, the most important series of international yearbooks, maintains the high standard of its predecessors. It opens with a detached history of the Kellogg pact and concludes with a summary of the events of 1927-28 in China; but the most striking section is that dealing with the Islamic world. Here Mr. Toynbee is peculiarly at home, and while the stories of the British negotiations with the Egyptians and with the Arabs of the Nejd occupy more pages, the general reader will be most impressed by the chapters on the Westernization of Islam—the separation of church and state, the sudden emergence of women from the veil and the retirement of males into frock coats and striped trousers, the abandonment of the fez, and the immensely significant adoption of the Latin alphabet in place of the Arabic script.

*Twentieth-Century Poetry.* Edited by John Drinkwater, Henry Seidel Canby, and William Rose Benét. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.

*A Junior Anthology of World Poetry.* Edited by Mark Van Doren and Garibaldi M. Lapolla. A. and C. Boni. \$2.50.

Mr. Drinkwater's section of “Twentieth-Century Poetry” is depressingly conventional. Almost all the familiar anthology pieces are present, and the notes are pleasantly chatty. Messrs. Canby and Benét have done better with their half of the volume, having excluded a few of the old favorites in order to make room for less familiar and more meritorious poems, and having taken the trouble to make their notes instructive and reasonably discriminating. The superiority of the American section, however, is perhaps as much due to the actual superiority of American to British verse in the twentieth century as to the superiority of the American editors. Mr. Lapolla has performed strange feats of excision upon Mark Van Doren's “Anthology of World Poetry” in order to make it suitable for young boys and girls. Perhaps he knew what he was doing, but the only clear reason for preferring the abridgment, either for children or for adults, is that it costs half as much as the original.

*The Jade Mountain. A Chinese Anthology.* Translated by Witter Bynner from the Texts of Kiang Kang-Hu. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

This volume of translations from Li Po, Tu Fu, Po Chü-Yi, and many other poets of the T'ang dynasty has been long expected—so long, indeed, that it comes with diminished effect. For in the meantime Arthur Waley has sent a number of brilliant volumes into the field, and Amy Lowell, collaborating with Florence Ayscough, has swept it with equal energy. Mr. Bynner's verse, however, based upon the spade-work of Dr. Kiang, is sensitive and highly interesting, and the volume as a whole takes its place quite properly alongside those just mentioned. Mr. Bynner's introduction is valuable among other things for the account it gives of his discovery of Chinese poetry and for its analysis of the perennial vigor which that poetry possesses.

*From Centaur to Cross. Being the Hitherto Unpublished Letters of Maurice de Guérin.* Edited by H. Bedford-Jones. Together with a New Translation of de Guérin's “The Centaur,” with an Introduction and Notes by Gilbert Chinard. Covici-Friede. \$3.

Stamp-collecting, like other hobbies, may lead in strange ways. To the curiosity of a collector is due this gathering of letters of Maurice de Guérin, translated by the owner, H. Bedford-Jones, with an introduction by Gilbert Chinard, who, first recognized their value. While little new knowledge of this young romantic, friend of Barbey d'Aureville, is here afforded, his words are themselves vivid and his relations with his sister form interesting psychological material. Guérin died at twenty-nine with—save for a few poems—but one finished work, “The Centaur.” Although lacking the ironic tone of Laforgue's moralities, this sketch equally well recreates the atmosphere of Greek dryad days, and the somewhat stilted translation accentuates its chiseled style. Like Baudelaire and other pagans of the “diabolical” school, Guérin died with a cross on his lips. But in his letters he is thoroughly alive.

*An Elizabethan Journal. Being a Record of Those Things Most Talked of During the Years 1519-1594.* By G. B. Harrison. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. \$5.

From many authentic sources Mr. Harrison has patched up an imaginary journal such as, say, Edward Knowell might have kept during the years when Marlowe flourished and Shakespeare took his first steps in literature. The emphasis is by no means literary; politics, murder, religion, the weather, and the plague are always in evidence as well; and in general Mr. Harrison seems to succeed in his aim, which was to show what moved in the minds of Englishmen when Shakespeare became conscious of his world. The book is rewarding to both the student and the reader seeking entertainment.

## Films

### At the South Pole

SO thanks to Admiral Byrd and his companions we can now actually look at the South Pole. And what a desolate place it is! No enchanted castle hiding a sleeping beauty, no dragons, no monsters of any kind—only a wilderness of snow, bleak and dreary. I doubt that the place is interesting enough to attract the tourist even were trips there as cheap as they are to Paris. But that is the trouble with so many of these mysteries of the world. Stripped of their secrets they are so utterly unexciting.

This is not to say that Byrd's adventure lacked in excitement. There were perils enough and to spare, and the Antarctic blizzards were as much on their guard to balk the intrepid explorers as any dragons could have been. It was only by a long and careful study of their habits that Byrd succeeded in slipping through and reaching his goal. Even then he had to dash back as fast as he could to escape their fury. A glorious adventure! As tensely dramatic as any exploit of ancient heroes. To have preserved its thrill by means of an authentic record on the film would have been a service to humanity. “With Byrd at the South Pole” (Rialto) does not quite convey this thrill, although it tries to make up for the missing drama in its record of the last flight by a machine-gun rattle of spoken comment. But if the climax of the film is somewhat flat, there is a great deal that is exciting as well as amusing in the rest of it. One recalls the magnificent views of the barrier, the amazing scene of whales popping out of the water within a few feet of the

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members of the expedition, the all-but-human penguins taking stock of the invaders, the amusing glimpses into the family life of seals, the wonderful dogs. The film records innumerable fine scenes of the little band of adventurers building their homes, fighting the blizzards, exploring, studying, constructing, indulging in the amenities of social life in the Antarctic, and all the time displaying the superb determination which eventually brought them to their goal. As a travel picture "With Byrd at the South Pole" is one of the best.

"The Big Pond," which preceded Byrd's picture at the same theater, is the third talkie featuring Maurice Chevalier and, it must be said, the least satisfying. Chevalier is not a character actor. His forte is his personal charm, and he is at his best in the breezy Parisian songs which he sings with a verve and a mischievous jollity that are irresistibly infectious. To make him sing in English is to take away at least half of his charm; to turn him into a drawing-room lover is to take away most of what is left. As Hollywood comedies go "The Big Pond" is entertaining enough, but it would have been a better comedy if it had something of the sprightly whimsicality that made "The Love Parade" so delightful a picture.

Even more heavy-footed in its fun is "Caught Short" (Capitol), in which the stalest jokes and situations are served up with much gusto by Marie Dressler and Polly Moran. In farcical comedy Miss Dressler is a very bright star indeed, even if her range of expression is limited to a few mannerisms which do service on all occasions. In straight comedy, particularly when shown in close-ups on the screen, this overacting strikes a harsh note that takes away from the humor of the situation by its forced emphasis of the obvious. There are a few occasions in "Caught Short" where Miss Dressler is not trying to be funny, and those are the true evidences of her talent. Polly Moran's acting is more in keeping with the spirit of the play.

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‡Strictly Dishonorable—Avon—W. 45th St.  
\*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—47th St., W. of B'dway.  
\*The Last Mile—Sam H. Harris—42nd St., W. of B'dway.  
‡The New Garrick Gaieties—Guild—52nd St., W. of B'dway.

FILMS

All Quiet on the Western Front—Central—47th St. and B'dway.  
Evolution and Docks of Hamburg, Beg. Sat. July 5; Eighth St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th St.  
Journey's End—Gaiety—46th St. and B'dway.  
Ladies Love Brutes, Beg. July 5; The Texan, Beg. July 9, Little Carnegie, 57th St. E. of Seventh Ave.  
News Reel—Embassy—B'dway and 46th St.  
The Arizona Kid, Beg. July 5; Mammy, Beg. July 9, The Plaza, 58th St. E. of Madison Ave.  
The Big House—Astor—B'way and 45th St.  
The Girl Said No and Flight, Beg. Sat. July 5; Paramount on Parade, Tues. July 8, to Sat. July 12, 5th Ave. Playhouse, 66 5th Ave.  
Yoshi Vara, Beg. Fri. July 4; 55th St. Playhouse, E. of Seventh Ave.

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## Mexico and the Harris Bill

By CARLETON BEALS

MEXICO promises to become the "morsel left half-cold on Caesar's plate." The new American good-will technique toward Latin America has been decidedly blunted by the Harris bill. Mexico is convinced that the passage of this bill by the Senate is a direct thrust, as a leading newspaper remarks, "a proof and revelation . . . of the opinion which the North American people hold of our irremediable inferiority." Whatever the final fate of the proposition to restrict Mexican immigration, Mr. Harris has nipped this season's crop of Ambassador Morrow's tree of friendship which he so carefully watered. The whole petroleum controversy did not excite the bitter comment that has now broken out in an ugly rash over the pages of the Mexican press. The Mexicans could quite understand our greed for petroleum; pride is cut deeper when you are told that you are not wanted in your neighbor's house.

*El Nacional Revolucionario*, the official daily organ of the National Revolutionary Party and hence of the government, says editorially in praising a labor-union proposal to boycott American goods:

This Senatorial action is an insult, it is debasing, it is hostile to Mexico, it is an affront to every man who struggles, it is symptomatic of the spirit of aggression and humiliating disdain which should not be tolerated. . . . The Harris bill once and for all has stripped off the mask of these good-will visits, these sensational air flights and the like, these insubstantial diplomatic gallantries. . . . It is necessary to see clearly, without prismatic lenses, the spirit of aversion, of disdain, with which we are viewed by the United States.

The quick-witted Mexicans have hastened to suggest overt retaliation. Promptly agents of the Department of Interior raided the American school and seized all the textbooks, publishing excerpts which put Mexico in an unfavorable light by telling a few unpleasant partial truths.

A few more incidents such as these, and Morrow's well-watered tree may wither beyond recovery. Yet if too much acrimony does not grow out of these incidents, a little honest stock-taking all around might divest both good-will and ill-will of a deal of political camouflage and career-making. Unfortunately under our party system, dubbed "democracy," our foreign policies are frequently referable to domestic politics rather than to a statesman-like long-range vision. Except for part of the regime of Porfirio Díaz, our relations with Mexico since that country achieved its independence in 1821 have been unsatisfactory. Most American Presidents, whether Democratic or Republican, have been faced at some time or other with a "Mexican problem." This was true of Lincoln, of Harrison, of Taft, of Wilson, of Harding, of Coolidge, to mention but a few outstanding instances. It is likely to be true of Hoover. In the face of a national election, the Mexican question has been hurriedly patched up toward the end of each administration through a sudden volte-face of Washington or the sending down of a new friendly ambassador (Morrow was not the first). This

has prevented any calm evolution of our Mexican relations. Almost as soon as this temporary last-minute patching had been done and our national election finished, the Mexicans—or our own interested citizens—promptly kicked the covers off again. In Hoover's case, thanks to Morrow, the Mexican pot has been slow to boil over, but it would flavor his doddering Administration with irony if after his good-will trip to Latin America and his effusive embracing of President Ortiz Rubio the end of his term were upset by new difficulties with Mexico. Add to these a possible recrudescence of acute trouble in Nicaragua, perhaps serious problems elsewhere in the Caribbean and in Cuba, and a revolution in Venezuela, where Gómez is tottering to his grave in the black shroud of petroleum concessions, and the good-will technique may have its seams seriously sprung.

In view of past diplomatic history, the ultimate test for Mr. Morrow's work is obviously its endurance. In any case he deserves full praise for edging us back from the brink of a warlike chasm. His truce in the religious war promises to mature into fairly enduring peace. He slowed up the land program, but justly, for the program was poorly conceived, badly executed, and already corrupted by political chicanery, while it was dislocating large blocks of the population without providing for them the proper productive bases. Papini declared: "True revolutions begin in the head, not in the barricades." In Mexico the head has never quite caught up with the barricades. It attests to Mr. Morrow's astuteness that he is the first figure in two decades to get a jump ahead of the Mexican barricades.

Undoubtedly when Obregón clutched the apple of military supplies from the United States government during the de la Huerta revolt in 1923 he was preparing to depart from the stormy Eden of nationalistic and revolutionary isolation. His acceptance of a loan of ten million pesos in the form of advance taxes from the Huasteca Petroleum Company, presumably in return for a promise to straighten out the contested Juan Felipe titles, was an engraved announcement of future nuptials with the American government and American capital. For a brief interlude Calles backfired, but reversed for Morrow and Lindbergh and Will Rogers; and in the revolt of March, 1929, American munitions were again utilized. The Portes Gil administration saw the rapid crystallization of the pro-American tendency, the crushing of existing labor and peasant organizations, and a decided concentration of federal power. The climax of glad-handing came with Ortiz Rubio's trip to Washington and his distinct promise to modify the agrarian policy. For two years this new accord was quickstepping to an increasing fanfare of good-will.

This good-will never got deep below the Mexican skin. Most Mexicans feared a joker up the American sleeve. Now they are convinced. And in Mexico the psychology of the weak versus the strong, the poor versus the rich cannot help but operate. Also, there is the long historic tradition of anti-Americanism, the unforgotten war of '47, the agitation against the Monroe Doctrine, the anti-foreign senti-

ment involved in the overthrow of pro-foreign Díaz, the bitterly anti-foreign labor movement, the anti-capitalist and the new nationalistic urge; these are deep-rooted things.

Mexicans stood the good-will strain as long as they could. Then, when Morrow left, a subtle reaction to his influence set in. There was the incident of the Laredo consulate. The press revived its former heckling of American imperialism, materialism, and greed. The epithets "Yankee," "Gringo," "blond beasts," "Colossus of the North" began to crop up like sore thumbs in the best newspapers. Once more the five-year-old campaign in the press about the horrible treatment of Mexicans in the United States blazed day after day. The students of the National University broke up a reception to their own guests, students of journalism from Oklahoma, with insulting shouts of "Imperialism!" Foreigners were harassed by repeated registrations. The "thirty-three," or arbitrary deportation of undesirable aliens, works as unceremoniously and cruelly as ever before, and the American school is raided for hostile textbooks.

This is all quite explicable and normal. The differences of a century with their deep racial and cultural roots, the more acrimonious differences of the past two decades—these cannot be set aside in two years. The two countries perhaps rushed into each other's arms a bit too enthusiastically. Good-will cannot be a gourd vine that shoots up quickly and gaudily and then withers; its growth should be a sturdy and slow one, capable of standing a few whirlwinds of nationalistic chauvinism from both sides. I hope that this is the sort of tree Mr. Morrow planted.

For behind the present Mexican regime, so desirous of currying our favor, is the whole impetus of a long revolutionary period, which cannot be dammed too suddenly or too widely deflected. Mexico is swinging into that twentieth-century heaven—normality—but not even the catchwords can be changed overnight. Mexico's sudden attempt to be good has resulted in a certain amount of psychological confusion among its leaders. Most of the bigger guns have come to the conclusion that roads, airlines, tourists, American capital are the only hope for a prompt reconstruction of the country. But it is a bit upsetting to find that American dollars are still a little skeptical and that American politicians can so casually concoct and accept a Harris bill. The Mexican officials who so suddenly determined to place their wares on the bargain counter must feel at least chagrined to find that there was not more of a financial rush.

Doubtless there are Mexican officials with Mr. Harris's mentality who will retaliate in various ways on Americans. It would be only human nature for Mexico to reply by an exclusion act directed specifically against Americans. Probably economic dependence upon us will prevent this logical but foolish step. If the Harris bill is defeated and if it is not followed by further irritating incidents it may have the good effect of clearing the atmosphere and bringing both countries to a sober realization of the economic forces at work. For we shall always have a "Mexican problem" and Mexico will always have an "American problem," and something more scientific than good-will is necessary to solve them.

On their side the Mexicans, regaining their sense of humor, will realize that this is just a new addition to the American Roman Wall to keep out the "barbarians," that it is directed against Mexico not so much because Mexico

contains Mexicans as because that country is hard by and supplies the great bulk of foreign immigration, that Mexico is at present the only important gap in the wall through which the hordes swarm, that the Ku Klux Klan fears more Catholics, that labor fears for its jobs in a period of grave unemployment, that new Congressional elections are approaching and Mr. Harris needs fame to be reelected, and, finally, that Mr. Harris is Mr. Harris and the American Senate is the American Senate.

The Mexican will realize that his government has also set up its own little wall. It is almost impossible for any foreigner to come into the country who is proposing to do a job which a Mexican can do. Even important and necessary technicians have difficulty in entering. For all practical purposes this is a regulation specifically directed against Americans, for they are the only numerically important emigrants from the Western Hemisphere into Mexico. And, finally, for years the Mexicans have been complaining bitterly of the drastic, intolerable, and discriminatory way that Mexicans are said to be treated in the United States. Thus they should welcome a measure which will prevent the present Mexican population of nearly three million north of the Rio Grande from increasing and exposing itself to this alleged cruel exploitation.

As for ourselves, we should be ashamed of our weak intelligence in supporting such a clodhopper bill, just as we should have been ashamed of ourselves for not having put the Japanese on the quota basis. Could the few hundred Japanese who would have entered annually menaced our sacred and apparently powerful institutions? In the case of Mexico there were many possibilities. Why not, for instance, a quota system for all the New World based not on past emigration, but on the existing population of the various countries. Mr. Harris's head, it seems, has not caught up with his barricades. Surely, if we needed to close the gap in our Roman Wall there was a way to do it without affronting a country which, though weak, we have consistently for the past two years called our friend, and with which, because of geographic proximity if for no other reason, we should increasingly seek to live in harmony.

## Contributors to This Issue

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